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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. G. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and tidy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

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A first-class Barber Shop has been opened in the basement of Blair House where the barbering business in all its branches will be carried on in the future. The shop is in the hands of skilled artists who will give every attention to customers. Everything kept in good order. Your patronage solicited.
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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BELVERSON, Pa., Nov. 22, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Gents—I would like to make known to those who are almost persuaded to use Kendall's Spavin Cure the fact that I think it is a most excellent Liniment. I have used it on a Blood Spavin. The horse went on three legs for three years, when I commenced to use your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I used one bottle on the horse and have worked him for three years since and has not been lame.
Yours truly, WM. A. CURL.

GERMANTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1889.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
Gents: In praise of Kendall's Spavin Cure I will say, that a year ago I had a valuable young horse become very lame, hock enlarged and swollen. The horsemen about here (we have no Veterinary Surgeon here) pronounced his lameness Blood Spavin or Thoroughpin, they all told me there was no cure for it, he became about useless, and I considered him almost worthless. After being told me of the merits of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, so I bought a bottle, and I could see very plainly great improvements immediately from its use, and before the bottle was used up I was satisfied that it was doing him a great deal of good. I bought a second bottle, and before it was used up my horse was cured and has been in the livery stable doing heavy work all the season since last April, showing no more signs of it. I consider your Kendall's Spavin Cure a valuable medicine, and it should be in every stable in the land. Respectfully yours,
EUGENE DEWITT.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
oct19 90.

Ask my agents for W. L. Douglas Shoes. If not for sale in your place ask your dealer to send for catalogue, secure the agency, and get them for you.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

WHY IS THE
W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and equal to any $5 shoe sold at any price. If you pay any other manufacturer, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5. 00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from $6.00 to $12.00.

$4. 00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from $6.00 to $8.00.

$3. 00 Police Shoe, Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension edge. One pair will wear a year.

$2. 50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at $2.50; a single trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

$2. 25 and $2.00 Workingmen's shoes are very strong and durable. Those who have given them a trial will wear no other make.

Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best Dongola, very stylish; equals French imported shoes costing from $5.00 to $6.00.

Ladies' 2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 shoe for Misses are the finest Dongola, Stylish and durable.

Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on bottom of each shoe.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

C. T. ROBERTS,
Agent, Ebensburg, Pa. jul23, 3m

$5000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N. Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can prove to you quickly how you can earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Some workers, all ages, in any part of America, can commence at home, giving all their time or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you. Outfit and PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

ROBERT EVANS,

UNDERTAKER,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE,
Ebensburg, Pa.
A full line of Caskets always on hand.
Bodies Embalmed
WHEN REQUIRED.
Apr 30 86

NOT DEAD YET!
VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
AND TIN ROOFING.

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.
No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.
TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 18, 1883-tf.

THE FREEMAN is the largest paper in North-Cambria. Don't forget it.

OUT OF THE SWIM.

His clothes hang on him in many a shred—
He is out of the swim;
He walks life's highway with sullen tread—
He is out of the swim.
He eats the dole that charity gives,
In the wilds of nature alone he lives,
He sleeps 'neath heaven's starry brim—
He is out of the swim.

Once he had honor and friends, but now
He is out of the swim.
Men coveted then his lordly bow—
He is out of the swim.
There are none so poor as to take his hand
And call him brother in all the land,
But they hasten to turn aside from him—
He is out of the swim.

He has nothing to hold him now to life—
Neither friends nor fortune, child nor wife—
He is out of the swim.
There's nobody but himself to blame,
His heart is seared with remorse and shame;
Through his own mistake—not fortune's whim—
He is out of the swim.

The moonlight rests on a peaceful face—
He is out of the swim.
Dear God, forgive in Thy infinite grace!—
He is out of the swim.
Out of life's maddening roar and fret,
Out of temptations that so beset;
God, who made us, will care for him—
He is out of the swim.
—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

THE LIMITED EXPRESS.

Reflections of Weedon Bradshaw While on a Night Train.

It was the last of January and a Saturday night. A keen north wind was blowing down Broadway, filling the air with occasional flurries of snow, and night had long since come, though it was only six o'clock.

J. Weedon Bradshaw, attorney and counselor at law, stood on the steps of the building in which he had his office and buttoned his overcoat as he looked up and down the now deserted street.

For some thirty years he had done the same thing at the same hour every day, when he was not out of town on business—he never went away for pleasure. He was going out of town now, as soon as he had swallowed his dinner. Large and important business interests of a client called him to the northern part of the state, and it never occurred to him to delay twenty-four hours for what he considered a mere question of sentiment. Sundays were pretty much the same to him personally as any other day, except that they interrupted business.

True he had been wonderfully successful in life, but he would have told you it was entirely owing to his own efforts, and not through any intervention of Providence.

Shortly after nine o'clock that evening he walked into a passenger car of the northward bound express in as great a state of irritation as he ever permitted himself to indulge in. He had neglected to engage a berth in the sleeper, and now found that he must make the best of a night in a chair. He settled himself with the expertness and deliberation born of age and experience. Then he took from his pocket documents bearing on the coming case and proceeded to read them.

Presently he found his mind wandering, a thing it had not done for years, and, putting up the papers, he turned to look out of the window. In spite of shading the glass with his hands nothing was to be seen, but an occasional light flashed into view and out again in an instant.

He drew back and sat idly looking before him till suddenly he became conscious that there was something, after all, to be seen in the window—his own reflection. He looked at himself with growing interest; it was the first time in many years he had had such protracted opportunity for study of the subject.

He felt as if the face opposite him belonged to some familiar stranger, met every day but never known. A man well advanced in life, nearing sixty, perhaps, looked back at him. Hair gray, getting a little thin now; aquiline nose; clear, shrewd-looking eyes, of no particular color, with innumerable fine wrinkles about the corners, as if from constant contraction to enable them the better to see through other men. The lips had narrowed almost to a line from long compression, and made the entire face look hard.

He had fought the world single-handed—the hard, selfish, crushing business world of a great city, and it had marked him as its own. He had wrung from it wealth, position, recognition of his ability by other men; but he had given in return youth, love, pleasure, all aspirations after better things. All those longings and hopes which prove the existence in us of some sparks of a higher nature. His very life he had given to become that most perfect mechanical production of the nineteenth century—entirely a business man.

The train slowed up at a station and a young couple got in. She was so bright and pretty and confiding, he so unceasingly attentive and protecting, the other passengers watched them with interest. The men smiled and the women sighed. They sat in front of Weedon Bradshaw, and something in the girl's face quickened his memory and sent his thoughts rushing back into the past.

He turned again to his window, but the past was with him and the face that looked back was no longer old and hard.

It was a boy's face, handsome, brave and honest, with faith in those clear eyes, and a promise of noble deeds. Other faces were there, too. A laughing, winsome pair of eyes peered at him for a moment, and then a gentle, sweet, old face smiled sadly at "her boy." He remembered her dreams for him; he realized for the first time how far he had fallen from her ideals.

Now he fully understood what she had once said to him: "Experience is sorrow. Only is life happy as we live it for others."

The face was a man's now; handsome still, but an eager look had come into the eyes, and the mouth was more firmly set. He was starting out into the world anxious for knowledge of it; determined to fight and conquer. Clearly the night he left home came back to him. She of the laughing eyes was with him, but they laughed no longer. Tears were brimming over and the little lips too tremulous for words. He held her hand and a mighty struggle went on within him. He knew what the tears meant and he longed to take her in his arms; but pride and caution whispered:

"Wait! You have the world before you."

And so he spoke no word, but left her.

He had never really meant to give her up. He intended in the near future to go back for her; but, first, he was too poor to take the time, and afterward the business world claimed him as its slave—its slave when most he felt himself its master.

So the days passed by and he never went back.

Then he heard that another had won her, and for a moment J. Weedon Bradshaw admitted to himself that he had possibly made a mistake in life after all.

In course of time he married his partner's daughter. He paid her bills, treated her with respectful consideration, and when she died regretted the unfortunate circumstance. But her face had no place on the window. The youth of the past was crying to the man of to-day for reparation and would not be silenced.

"Why did you treat me so?" he cried. "Why did you stifle my love, teaching me this terrible, absolute indifference to everything good or bad? Why did you train me to think that money and what money could buy was the best in life and nothing else mattered? What have you given me in return *for* youth, love and liberty?"

And Weedon Bradshaw bowed his head in silence. Dead sea fruit.

Clearly he saw now, as in the light of noonday, the life he had missed. The life of love and higher aspiration, the abnegation of self that leads to the "larger heart the kindlier hand."

All this he saw, and groaned in spirit.

On through the night rushed the express; but side by side with it kept the phantom train filled with the ghosts of Weedon Bradshaw's past.

The young bride had gone to sleep with her head on her husband's shoulder and the other passengers were in various stages of unconsciousness.

Suddenly a violent, shuddering jerk throughout the train—a mighty crash and heaving, and then silence more terrible.

Silence for a moment's space only, however; then cries, questions, exclamations—a wild confusion of tongues.

The engine had jumped the track on a down grade and half dragged the baggage car with it; but the passenger coaches were only badly shaken. It would have been a terrible disaster but for the quickness and nerve of the engineer—he stopped the train in its own length, but his life was the price.

The crowd grew silent as they stood about the wreck and the motionless object now stretched upon the roadside.

They peered into each other's pale faces, scarcely visible by the flickering light of a few lanterns carried in nervous hands.

Thank God! they were all safe—but one man had given up his life for them.

"He did his duty nobly," they said, and then began to think how they could continue their journey.

It was not that they were unfeeling—only "practical;" there was nothing to be done and they were in a hurry.

Only Bradshaw remained standing by the body—he felt shaken, unnerved, strangely old. Those silent lips seemed bidding him stay. A voice was speaking to him through them unheeded by other ears: "Even as I am wilt thou be."—Charlotte Rogers, in Leslie's Newspaper.

WHISTLING FOR WIND.

The Supposed Origin of an Old Superstition of the Sea.

There is nothing so tedious, so aggravating to the sailor as a dead calm. Drift, drift, drift, day after day, the great burning sun overhead reflected by the waters until the eye becomes wearied with the eternal brightness. The sailor goes about his work listlessly. Not so the officer of the deck. He paces the poop with a quiet, nervous tread. "whistling for a wind."

He is scanning the horizon north, south, east and west, carefully noting every little patch of clouds and whistling with all of his soul for a wind. This is one of the old, old superstitions of the sailor, one of the beliefs which has been traced hither and thither, but never to the propitiation of the gods. It probably had its origin in the impatience of the mariner, who, while his vessel lay drifting idly in the "Zone of Calms," remembered with regret the hoarse moaning, shrieking and whistling of the winds in the more favored spots on the deep and involuntarily tried to imitate it. And this supposition is strengthened by the character of the whistling, for it must be remembered that the becalmed sailor does not whistle "Annie Laurie" or any of the popular songs of the day. The lonesome thrill of his monotonous "whistle" is a series of polyglot sounds that would set a magpie wild with envy. He does not aim at a rhythm, but ejects his puffs of air in long and short notes, now high, now low, like the sounds produced by the wind blowing through the ropes of the rigging.—St. Louis Republic.

SCIENCE FOR MECHANICS.

IT has recently been found that certain fungoid growths have the power of removing gold from water containing it in suspension.

WHEN cast and malleable iron are used in the same structure a galvanic action is set up between them, and the malleable iron is corroded.

SEAWEED is now made into a tough paper, which takes the place of window glass. When colored the effect is similar to stained or painted glass.

TO OBVIATE the waste of steam in steam hammers an improvement has been introduced in fitting the hammers with two pistons of different diameters, compounding them, in fact.

GUM arabic, which was once universally used, has become very scarce and dear, and a substitute for it is being made from starch, which is subjected under pressure and at a high temperature to the action of sulphurous acid. The product, after neutralization, is soluble and extremely adhesive.

A NEW kind of metal is reported from Birmingham, Eng., which is said to be non-corrosive and will adhere to other metals of all kinds when properly applied. Its greatest use will probably be found in the marine engineering, for coating iron and steel for propellers to prevent their pitting.

A GUN to fire under water has been invented, and one for the United States ship Destroyer is in course of construction at Bethlehem, Pa. This experimental gun is to be thirty-five feet long, and will throw a projectile twenty-five feet in length, containing four hundred pounds of nitroglycerine, one thousand feet through the water.

A HUMAN FAILING.

Discussing the Different Things One Likes to Eat.

Among the many things that are hard to understand is the fancy entertained by so many people, that other people will be interested to hear at considerable length what they like to eat and what they do not like to eat. There seems to be nothing of very great interest to one's friends in the fact that one is passionately fond of cabbage and onions; and yet, next to the weather, the most frequent subject of conversation is probably the subject of eatables.

"If there's anything I dote on," said Mrs. Chubb, "it's a nice leg of mutton with a butter gravy and capers. And I like—"

"But," says Mrs. Scragg, breaking in, "is there anything more horrid than pickled tripe? I can't bear it."

"My favorite sauce," Mrs. Chubb continues, "is fried apple sauce; and scalloped apples I can't get enough of."

"Laws!" exclaims Mrs. Scragg, "you don't say so! No kind of fruit agrees with me. And I don't see how anybody can eat those miserable things they call olives."

So they go on for an hour. "Well, I must be going," says Mrs. Scragg, rising at last. "We've had a real pleasant time!"

Throughout the whole interview Mrs. Chubb has been talking about the things she likes, and Mrs. Scragg has been talking about the things she does not like. Each one has been following her own temperament; and while she has not been at all interested in what the other has said she has been greatly interested in what she herself has said.

This principle of compromise is generally the basis of these little conversations about food.

"How would it do," said one man to another, when, on a long railway journey, their conversation had lagged, "to tell each other what we like to eat, and divide the time?"

"Capital!" said the other. "You tell me for ten minutes what you like best, and then I'll call time on you, and tell you what I like."

"And then I begin again in ten minutes more?"

"Certainly."

It was agreed, and for a mortal hour the two men related to each other the smallest details of their very dissimilar food-likings, in ten minute speeches. At the end of that time the porter passed through the car and announced that dinner was ready in the dining car.

"Good!" exclaimed one. "I'm so hungry I could eat anything."

"So could I," said the other. Then they went in and ate exactly the same things, which were practically the same that both had eaten the day before.—Youth's Companion.

UNHORNED CATTLE.

The "Muley Cow" Simply a Freak of Nature.

Everyone is familiar with the animal which, in the country districts of America, is called the "muley cow," or as it is sometimes spelled, the "mooly cow." She is an animal without horns. Generally she has not lost them, but has never had them. She has the reputation of being a very good milch cow, but particularly ill-natured.

Though at least one "muley cow" may be found in most large herds, in a great part of the country, and though polled cattle, as hornless cattle are also called, are sometimes exhibited at fairs, it has never, probably, occurred to anyone until lately that a race of hornless cattle ought to be bred or developed on account of a greater economy in raising and nourishing them.

Such a notion, however, has been broached by an American cattle-raiser. He maintains that, in raising young horned cattle, and, for that matter, in keeping grown-up cattle, a considerable share of the nutriment given them goes to their horns.

The same gentleman argues that the horns of domestic cattle are a relic of barbarism—a survival of a means of defense associated with a wild life, and are now not only no longer needed, but positively mischievous. The horned bullies of a herd get more and the weaker ones less than their share of the fodder.

But how are the horns to be got rid of? Regularly cutting off the horns of young cattle will not prevent subsequent generations of young cattle from developing horns as they grow to maturity, any more than the shaving of men's beards for many generations makes men beardless.

There is a way, however, in which it could be done. A certain proportion of cattle turn out to be hornless. If only such cattle were used to breed from, undoubtedly a great proportion of their offspring would be hornless, and in the course of time a race of unhorned cattle would be produced—among which, however, individuals with horns would probably be even more common than hornless cattle are now.

Domestication has undoubtedly reduced the size of cattle's horns considerably. Under domestication, the horns are much less used, and consequently are inferior; but they are not got rid of altogether except in rare cases, and then seemingly only by a freak of nature.—Youth's Companion.

The President's Trip.

Attention is called by the New York Herald to the fact that throughout all the president's journey around the circle of ten thousand miles his train pursued its prearranged schedule, passing from one line of railroad to another and from state to state without so much as five minutes delay from any cause whatever. It met with no accident, and over all the long route the presidential party were enabled to enjoy their habitual routine of life, sleeping, eating, bathing, reading, writing and talking with as little discomfort as if they had been seated in the white house, with the added comfort of not being annoyed by office-seekers. This feature of the journey is a remarkable tribute to American railway management. It could not be repeated in any other country in the world.

—Magistrate (to prisoner): "You are found guilty of meeting the plaintiff in a lonely street, knocking him down, and robbing him of everything except a valuable gold watch which he had with him. What have you to say?" Prisoner—"Had he a gold watch with him at the time?" Magistrate: "Certainly." Prisoner—"Then I put in a plea of insanity."—From the French.

DE BUGLE ON DE HILL.

I doan' like de noise, er de marchin' ob de boys—
An' I 'low I doan' s'pose I evah will—
Kr de trampin' ob de feet to de drum's wild beat,
Er de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.
Hit minds me ob de day when Gabe marched away
An' ole missus stood beside de cabin do';
Sumpin' whispahed in my eah 'bout my little volunteah,
An' sade he nevah will come back no mo'.

I's thinkin' mos' to-day ob how he marched away,
Wid de wright sun a-climbin' up de sky;
Marched out an' down de street to de drum's wild beat,
An' den how dey fotched 'im home to die.
Oh, de sad, mosnful way missus bowed her head to pray,
When Gabe said: "Hit's gittin' mighty still.
But I'll rise an' jine de boys when I heah de cannon's noise,
Er de soun' ob de bugle on de hill?"

Dar's a spot mighty deah to dis ole darky heah
Whar de sunshine am peekin' frough de palms,
Wid his hands 'pon his breast dar my soldier's gone to rest
Jes peacefully a-sleepin' in de calms.
An' de drum's wild beat er de tread ob marchin' feet
I know cain't disturb 'im now until
De Lo'd gibs command, den I know he'll rise an' stan'
At de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.

Hit 'peahs as ef I seen de ole plantation green,
An' sometimes I reckon dat I heah
De reg'ment pass by, an I 'low I hear a cry
Like de moan ob my little volunteah,
An' de sobbin' on de day po' ole missus kneeled to pray
An' sometimes when all aroun' is still,
I kin hear de trend ob feet, to de drum's wild beat
An' de soun' ob de bugle on de hill.
—Bow Hackley, in Century.

FOR GOOD REASONS.

Why Sarah and Ira Were Never Married.

The story of how nearly Sarah Hoehstetler came to marry Ira Tincher in 1871 has grown to be a part of the history of Oregon county, Mo. Ira is still a comparatively young man, and Sarah is still well on the sunny side of fifty, but Jim Burnes, whom she did marry, has been under the gravel and rocks that cover his forty-acre farm for these ten years or more. Sarah Burnes still lives on the farm, but in spite of the fact that she is husbandless and yet under fifty, she will never become the wife of Ira Tincher, though for years these two loved and swore a devotion that should have its ending even beyond the grave, if then.

Old Jim Burnes lived near Alton, in the center of the county, and young Ira worked for him. Burnes was fifty-three and Tincher was twenty-two. They had been together a year, when the young man surprised his employer by telling him that he was soon to marry Sarah Hoehstetler, who made he home with "the folks," a few miles from the Howell county line, on the West Plains road.

"Goin' ter marry Sary!" exclaimed old Burnes. "Why, Iry, she's older'n you be, an' weddin's er that sort allus turns out bad."

The old man looked severely at his young "hand," and Ira looked at the ground. Burnes was gray and bewhiskered, but his form was as straight as a hickory sapling. His rough hands were tucked under his trousers and he stood with arms akimbo, eying the youth who stood before him.

"An' besides," went on old Burnes, "I've been keepin' comp'ny with Sary m'self fer more'n two years, an' she's jist right fer er man like me. I've gotter farm, an' I'm old ernuff, an—an' ter tell ther truth, an' not shock yer nerves too much, Iry, I kinder reckon she likes me."

"What!" exclaimed the young farm hand, "you an' my Sary!"

He stopped and buried his face in his hands.

"Thar, boy," resumed old Burnes, softly, "don't fuss. Ez I said, Sary is er year older'n you, an' she's on'y been er foolin'. Sary thinks you as on'y her boy, an' she kaint he'p her lookin' up ter me, yer know. My land an'—"

Ira slipped away while the old man talked. True enough, he thought to himself, he was only a boy. He put his hand to his face. There was no beard there—only little bunches of short, straggling hairs around his chin and up toward his ears. He kept walking for an hour, not thinking where he was going—only thinking of Sary and her pretty ways—her clean, homespun dresses and her merry laugh. Then he stopped.

"She said she liked me an' she said she'd marry me in ther summer, an' she never said nothin' erbout old Jim. But he's er deacon in ther church, an' he wouldn't lie erbout it—an' Sary, she never got er 'ligion, an' so she's been er foolin' me."

That was Ira's way of looking at it. He studied the whole situation over and over that afternoon. In the evening he went back to the Burnes cabin down in the valley, and after he had done the chores he went to old Jim and asked for his money.

"There's er leetle comin', I reckon," he said, "an' I'm goin' down inter Arkinsaw."

"Goin' ter quit?" asked old Burnes, carelessly. "Well, sorry yer kaint stay fer ther weddin', but hyars yer money, an' I hope yer'll have luck."

He paid his hand in shin-plasters—he only owed him four dollars—wages for a month—and Ira put on his hat, and gathering up the few things he had, walked out of the little cabin. He left old Burnes seated in front of the rough log fireplace, squirting tobacco juice against the dying embers, close to which the calloused soles of his bare feet were being toasted. The old fellow did not look up until he was sure that Ira must be gone. Then he rose, and putting on his cowhide boots, prepared to leave the place.

"Thet war easy," he murmured. "Now, ef he don't go over ter Sary's to find out erbout it, I kin tell ther gal most anything. He'll jest erbout go thar ter say good-by ter her—yes, he'll do it, sure—sure he'll do it. Yes, I'll go an' beat him thar."

Old Burnes hastened into his best coat, and grasping a stout stick, went out. He slipped a yoke over his oxen, and in a moment was in the West Plains road, urging the slow animals westward. It was after eight o'clock when he came in sight of the Hochstetler home. The folks had not gone to bed, for there was a light visible through the open door and through the chinks in the cabin wall. He stopped the oxen and jumping nimbly from his old trap, stepped inside. Sarah was there and she voiced an exclamation upon seeing the old man.

"Why, Uncle Jim," she cried, "what's brought you over here? Iry ain't hurt?"

"Well, Sary," responded the old fellow, "no, not thet, but it's erbout Iry that I came here ternight. I reckon as it ain't pleasant news I bring yer, but ter be short an' sweet erbout it, Iry's run off an' gone ter Arkansaw, ter marry er widder down erbout Mountain Home."

The girl looked at old Burnes stornly for a moment and then came over to his side.

"Are yer tellin' me ther truth?" she asked earnestly. "Not er foolin', Uncle Jim?"

"Hones' facks," was old Burnes' response, "an' I hopes yer'll not take it hard."

Sarah had spirit.

"Take it hard?" she echoed. "Wall, I guess not. I thorter heap er Iry, an' he said he never'd love nobody else. He war goin' ter marry me purty soon, an' he said he'd come ter-night ter fix up things. See," and Sarah stood back a foot or so, "here's the dress an' fixin's I got, an' I put 'em on ter-night for Iry ter pass on."

The girl's eyes were filling with tears as she talked, and old Burnes almost felt mean enough to sink out of sight through the dirt floor. Sarah dashed the teardrops away and tried to smile to show how little she cared, but it was such an effort that she turned back into the dark to hide her face from the searching eye of the old mountaineer.

Young Tincher had not forgotten his engagement, but he didn't have the heart to keep it. He struggled with himself for an hour after he left old Burnes, walking through the woods toward the home of the Hochstetlers. At length he resolved to at least say good-by to Sarah.

"It kaint do no harm," he muttered, "an' I wanter do it."

He walked fast, but it was late when he got within sight of the home of the girl he loved. He saw a light there, and it rather surprised him.

"Funny," he muttered, "but 'taint much funnier 'n what old Jim told me ter-day. Keepin' comp'ny fer two years with Sary! Oh, the hussy!"

Ira stood in the darkness outside of the cabin. It was a still night in the spring, and despite the trifling fires that were still kept up, the door remained wide open. Ira peeped in. Sarah had a visitor—old Burnes! The young farmhand's heart almost stood still. How pretty Sarah was. She had on a dress that he had never seen before, and Ira thought her nearer an angel than he thought angels themselves could be. He sighed—almost so loud that the inmates of the house could hear him. Then he put his hand to his face and felt the straggling bits of beard. Tears came into his eyes, and he walked away.

"Old Jim told the truth," he murmured. "I ain't old ernuff ner good ernuff for sech as Sary, an' he is. I war fooled, thet's all."

Old Burnes was not long in convincing Sarah that she ought to marry him and before June had come with her wealth of sunshine and roses and songs of birds, the circuit rider was stopped by the deacon, and the two were married. Sarah went to the little cabin that old Burnes had lived in since his first wife died, long before, and for several months made it an earthly Heaven for the old man.

Something brought young Tincher back to Oregon before the year was over, and he went to see old Burnes and Sarah. Jim was not at home, but Sarah gave her old flame an unexpectedly warm welcome. They talked for an hour or so and one thing brought on another until Ira asked Sarah—he just couldn't help it—why she gave him up. The whole thing was out in ten minutes, and Ira went away. He had an ugly look in his eye and his sullenness alarmed Sarah. Old Burnes was home an hour later and his wife told him that Ira had been there. The old man did not say a word, but when Sarah was through with her story, he got his old gun and carefully reloaded both barrels and gave the hammer an oiling. Sarah shivered and went nervously about preparing the supper. With every breath she admonished old Burnes not to be rash, but her husband was mum. It was nearly sundown when the brush parted and Ira Tincher, with a gun across his shoulder, stepped into the cleared place. The old man did not say a word, but stepping to the door, raised his weapon and fired at the approaching figure. Ira did not stop, but as quick as a flash returned the shot.

Old Burnes did not speak. His gun fell and a second later he followed it. He had a bullet in his heart.

Ira gave himself up and pleaded self-defense. It was a long fight, and the young farmhand's neck was saved, but he got ninety-nine years.

The only reason that he never became the husband of Sarah Burnes, nee Hochstetler, is that Sarah lives in Oregon county, on the sunny side of fifty, while Ira is spending his days within the gray walls of a state penitentiary. —Homer Bassford, in Detroit Free Press.

The Capitol Dome, Washington.

The capitol dome at Washington is the only considerable dome of iron in the world, says the St. Louis Republic. It is a vast hollow sphere weighing 8,000,300 pounds. How much is that? More than 4,000 tons, or almost the weight of 70,000 full grown persons, or about equal to 1,000 ladened coal cars of four tons each, which, if strung out one behind the other, would occupy a mile and a half of track. On the very top of the dome the allegorical figure "America," weighing 13,985 pounds, lifts its proud head high in air. The pressure of this dome and figure upon the piers and pillars is 14,477 pounds to the square foot. It would, however, require a pressure of 755,286 pounds to the square foot to crush the supports of the dome. The cost of this immense dome was little short of $1,000,000.

A Curious Fact.

It is a curious fact that water pipes under the ground will often freeze during the warm spell that follows a cold snap. The explanation made for this interesting phenomenon is, that after a cold wave a large quantity of heat is taken from the ground in the work of changing the frozen moisture into water, and thus, on the principle of the ice-cream freezer, the pipe is chilled enough heat being taken from it to freeze it.

FISHY YARNS.

ALTRINCHAM, on the question of how long animals can live without food, states that a cat was accidentally built in a haystack, and was there for nineteen days, when it came out alive.

A COVINGTON (Ga.) liveryman has a dog which, besides carrying packages for his master, goes foraging for useful articles. He trotted into a store recently, picked up a fine curry comb and hurried to the stables with it.

THE Dallas (Tex.) News says that a few days ago a babe alive and well was found perched on some drift wood sailing placidly toward the gulf, twenty miles down the river. The waif was rescued by some fishermen and restored to its parents.

THERE is a man who lives entirely on a Georgia train. He goes every night to the sleeper, pays his one dollar and fifty cents and gets in the berth and sleeps through to Augusta. Next night he goes back to Atlanta. He has plenty of money and never has anything to say to the conductor or anybody else.

TWO HUNTERS near Reading, Pa., stole a bear's cub the other day and were pursued by the mother. After running until they were almost exhausted they stopped, and the man with the cub, taking it by the hind legs, attacked the mother. He beat her across the nose with her offspring so hard that she finally fled, leaving the hunters with the cub, which was dead.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

LAST year the fire insurance companies doing business in Ohio received for premiums $7,172,287 and only paid out for losses $2,945,469, or the losses were only 55 per cent. of the premiums.

NEW JERSEY is one of the eleven states in which the postal service is self-sustaining. The latest figures show that last year the surplus revenue of New Jersey's post offices was $202,-268.78.

GOLD coin is shipped abroad in five-gallon, iron-bound oaken kegs. Each keg holds ten bags and each bag contains $5,000, so that the value of a keg is $50,000. Gold from the other side usually comes in boxes.

THE great treasury vault at Washington covers more than a quarter of an acre and is twelve feet deep. Recently there was $90,000,000 in silver stored there—an amount that weighed 4,000 tons and would load 175 freight cars.

THE fire losses in May throughout the union amounted to $22,085,740, of which $7,272,000 was caused by forest fires. For the first five months of this year the losses aggregate $69,000,000 against $44,000,000 for the same period last year.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

A FAR GREATER HERO.—Visitor (to dime museum exhibit)—"Are you the man who eats glass?" Exhibit—"No; I'm the man who eats the biscuit that my wife bakes."—Epoch.

"BUT will your wife believe you?" asked Rounder, as he escorted Brown home early in the morning. "Will she?" replied Brown, joyously. "Of course she will. We've only been married a week."—N. Y. Recorder.

EDITH (soliloquizing)—"I'm so glad he proposes by letter. No fuss—no helping him on—and plenty of time to run down to papa's office and look him up in Bradstreet's before I give him an answer."—N. Y. Continent.

THE Old, Old Story Revised.—Bashful Young man—"Ahem—Sally—ahem—" Sally (encouragingly)—"Well, George?" B. Y. M.—"Sally, do you s'pose your ma would be willin' to be my mother-in-law?"—N. Y. Continent.

BELOW P

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - AUGUST 7, 1891.

Democratic County Ticket.

For President Judge,
JOHN P. LINTON, of Johnstown.

For Sheriff,
JOSEPH A. GRAY, of Carrolltown.

For Poor Director,
JOHN F. LONG, of Ebensburg.

For Jury Commissioner,
E. J. BLOUGH, of Johnstown.

TRAFFIC Manager Busenbark, of the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City road, has advices that fifty million bushels of grain from Kansas will begin moving during the third week in August.

DURING a meeting at which Sam Jones, the Evangelist, presided, in Huston, Tex., the gas was turned out and Jones and the audience pelted with rotton eggs. Great indignation prevails.

ALTHOUGH Senator Quay has resigned as chairman of the National Republican Committee, he will not retire altogether. When the Republican state convention meets to make its nominations Mr. Quay will be found doing business at the "old stand"

RETURNS from the election held in Kentucky, on Monday show that the Democratic Governor and other State officers are elected by majorities ranging in the neighborhood of 40,000. A new constitution was also voted on and adopted.

THE bureau of industrial statistics of the State Department of Interal Affairs is preparing a statement on the cause, effect and cost of strikes that have occured in Pennsylvenia. These figures are facts are to be embodied in the next annual report. This is an entirely new departure.

PENSION payments aggregate seven and a half million dollars have been made by the United States treasury since the first instant, and has reduced the cash balance from $55,783,715 to $48,277,-443. Of this latter amount $20,886,164 is in national banks and $19,332,447 is in subsidiary coin.

JACK MARION was hanged at Beatrice, Neb., in 1877 for the murder of John Cameron, with whom Marion had been traveling. It now appears that Cameron is not dead, and has been living at La Crosse. He lived for a number of years in Mexico and Alaska, returning to the United States less than a year ago.

THE increased duty on tin-plate says the New York *World* has already increased the price $6.50 a box, or over 59 per cent. It has given work to no Americans, and Mr. Niedringhaus is asking to have Welsh tin-makers imported to do the work at less than those now here will do it for. This is "protection" with a vengeance!

THE production of oleomargarine continues to increase in spite of repressive legislation. The average production per month during the last fiscal year was 3,-631,301 pounds, as compared with 2,-566,494 pounds in the previous year. Internal revenue receipts from this source increased from $786,291 in 1890 to $1,-077,924 in the last fiscal year.

A STATUE of Pope Leo XII, for the Catholic university near Washington city has arrived at the Georgetown custom house. It will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies Sept. 28. The statue cost $10,000 and is fourteen feet high. It will be presented to Joseph F. De Loubat, a wealthy New York gentleman, who superintended its execution in Rome by the sculptor, Luichette.

QUAY and Dudley have resigned as members of the National Republican committee. Secretary Noble has resigned as head of the Interior Department, and Joel B. Erhardt, Collector of the port of New York, last week flung his resignation in the face of President Harrison. It is said that instinct teaches rats to leave a ship when on the verge of sinking.

THE next change in President Harrison's Cabinet will be the retirement of Secretary Noble from the head of the Interior Department. Mr. Noble sent his resignation to President Harrison four months ago. This information is from official sources and it is correct. The reason the secretary assigns for giving up his portfolio is the condition of his health.

HIGH tariffs were imposed says the Harrisburg *Patriot* so that manufacturers might be enabled to pay the differences between the wages of Europe and America and successfully compete with the foreign manufacturers. It was said that this difference would go into the pockets of the workingmen and not those of the manufacturers. Yet the fat is being fried out Pennsylvania manufacturers, who, a distinguished Republican says, "receive the chief benefits of the tariff system." The manufacturer insures his profits and his campaign contributions by in turn frying the fat out of his employees. That is what the tariff system was created for.

"I BELIEVE the most threatening figure which to-day stands in the way of safety of our government and the happiness of our people is reckless and wicked extravagance in our public expenditures. It is the most fatal of all the deadly brood born of Government perversion. It hides beneath its wings the betrayal of the people's trust and holds powerless in its fascinating glance the people's will and conscience. Its further and most lamentable effect is to be seen in the readiness of the masses of our people, who are not dishonest, but only heedless, to accustom themselves to that dereliction in public place which it involves."
—*Grover Cleveland at Buffalo.*

A WRITER in the *Mountaineer*, who signs himself "Veteran" and in bad verse undertakes to make its readers believe that foreign nations, instead of the people, pay the taxes squandered in indiscriminate pensions and who believes that all the government has to do to make good times is to lavishly spend money in pensions, is hardly worth answering.

His theory that

For with plenty of money amongst the the people,
'Tis as plain to be seen as a high church steeple!
Then the people have power, wealth and ease;
And the upper millstone doth lightly squeeze.

will do very well for those who are drawing the boodle, but for those who are paying it for the sake of having it scattered, the boot is on the other leg. Everything we eat, drink and wear is taxed in some shape or form by the government; the tax may be so far distant and cunningly laid that we do not see it, but out of every dollar earned we contribute forty cents to the expenses of government and the "power, wealth and ease" of some one who does not earn it and the people who pay are entitled to have these enforced contributions honestly spent.

That a nation can tax itself rich and by spending the money thus raised in indiscriminate pensions give the people "power, wealth and ease" is a theory that is only understood by the beneficiaries of the injustice. It may give a man "power, wealth and ease" to spend the money earned and contributed by his neighbors, but the man who believes that the proper person to spend a dollar is the man who earns it, cannot see it in the same light.

No one will object to an honest pension bill, liberally pensioning veterans honestly entitled to receive the government's bounty but when it comes to looting the treasury under the name of patriotism, it is time to call a halt. Every community has its pension frauds —known to be frauds—and it should be the duty of honest and deserving pensioners to denounce the laws that waste on the scalawags what should only belong to the honest veterans.

SENATOR QUAY'S emphatic assertions that Blaine will be elected if nominated, and the fact that it is an open secret that a majority of the National Committee is opposed to Harrison, says the Philadelphia *Herald* makes a renomination for the Indiana man extremely improbable.

It is daily becoming more evident that there is a serious break between the President and the Premier. In all the conflicting reports about Blaine's illness, not one word of inquiry or anxiety has came from the President. Harrison has shown no disposition to visit the Secretary, and feels utterly oblivious to his condition. The President's plea that he needs rest will not deceive Blaine's friends. Most of the President's time since Congress adjourned has been passed in the visit to the Far West and the Cape May Point. Certainly, neither were very trying to either the body or the brain, and if he felt any inclination to ascertain for himself the real condition of the Secretary of state the distance to Bar Harbor would not be sufficient to keep a real friend from the side of the sick Premier.

That the President and Mr. Blaine are not on the best of terms is very evident. And it is also very apparent that the Harrison second term boom will receive no impetus from the practical politicians who run the Republican National Committee.

GOVERNOR PATTISON has sent a letter to Secretary of the Treasury Foster setting forth the loss to the state and city of Philadelphia through the failure of the Keystone National bank and requesting that the receiver of the bank be authorized to permit the Governor to appoint a committee of three or five experts to examine the books and papers, accounts, etc., of the bank with a view of receiving, if possible, the money of the commonwealth. The Governor suggests that the authority for the examination be limited to the funds passing through the hands of John Bardsley as the treasurer of Philadelphia and agent of the commonwealth. The letter states that as an examination is being made into the accounts by experts designated by Mayor Stewart and the Philadelphia council committee, the Governor thinks that a like investigation should be made on behalf of the commonwealth so that he may obtain the desired information as easily as possible and in the manner indicated.

IF it be a benefit—as undoubtedly it is—to South America, Cuba and San Domingo to be relieved from tariff taxes on staple necessaries of their people, says the New York *World*, why would not the same amount of free trade benefit the United States? If the tariff be not a tax on consumers, why are these foreign people congratulated on getting American products free of duty? Are foreigners better than our own people that they should be relieved by American diplomacy of tariff burdens, while our own duties are heaped 33 per cent. higher? If a limited free trade with our poorest customers is so great a gain, would not a freer trade with our richer, greater and far better customers be a more desirable thing? These questions concern the people.

ATTORNEY GENERAL HENSEL advised Auditor General McCamant not to order suits for the collection of delinquent mercantile taxes in Philadelphia, City Treasurer Wright having shown him that it costs from $4 to $6 to collect $1 of this delinquent tax. Under the law the suits are brought to enable collectors to claim exoneration for uncollected taxes, and the attorney general took the stand that it was no use throwing good money after bad.

THE United States treasurer continues the daily shipment of small notes to the West for use in moving the crops. The total amount sent so far is $2,800,000.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON. D. C. Aug., 1st 1891. "Help me Cassius, or I sink" was the substance of a communication from Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, to the National Executive committee of the Republican party, which met here this week. The story, as it is told here, is that Mr. McKinley sent a very urgent appeal to the committee for a large sum of money to be used in the Ohio campaign and that he sent along with a very broad intimation that unless it was forthcoming the jig was up with both himself and the Legislature in that state. He is also said to have suggested that the committee might easily raise the money by putting the screws on the manufacturers specially benefitted by his tariff bill. And that was not the only appeal for money presented to the committee. Mr. Clarkson told his colleagues that unless a good sized barrel of cash was rolled into Iowa that State would take its place permanently in the Democratic column, and Secretary Fassett presented bills for a considerable amount left unpaid from last years disastrous campaign. But these were minor things and excited but little interest compared with the resignation of Quay, not only as chairman of the two committees, but as a member of the National committee; and the resignation of Dudley as Treasurer of both committees. There was a good deal of pretended regret at being compelled to accept these resignations, and high-flying resolutions were adopted referring to both of them, which will probably be regarded by the retiring officials as "vindications".

Mr. Harrison tried to stem the Blaine tide which controls the Republican committee by appointing one of its members—J. Sloat Fassett, of New York—to be collector of the port of New York in place of Ernhardt whose resignation has been accepted. Harmony of the monkey and parrot kind is prevalent in the Treasury department just now. At least three of Secretary Foster's most important subordinates would hail with pleasure the news that he had resigned, and they would resign themselves if it wasn't for the fact of their having to give up their salaries if they did. The subordinates mentioned are Assistant Secretary Crouse, Treasurer Nebeker and Immigration Commissioner Owens, all of whom are recent arrivals at the Government trough. The trouble with the first two is that Mr. Foster, with the warning of the Raum case fresh in his mind, refused to allow them to appoint their sons to be their private secretaries, and Mr. Owens is disgruntled because his opinion that Welch tin-plate workers could be brought to the United States under contract without violating the alien contract law has been repudiated by the Secretary who has written another letter to the party who made the enquiry stating that the department was not prepared at this time to answer hypothetical questions such as the one prepounded. It is said that Mr. Foster also took occasion to give Mr. Owens a very sharp lecture on the duties of subordinate officials.

Mr. Wanamaker has led a delegation of Alabamians, headed by Senators Morgan and Pugh to believe that he would favorably consider their request to make Mobile one of the ports from whice a subsidized line of steamships will run to South America.

With great flourish of trumpets the announcement is made that a reciprocity treaty has been negotiated with the mighty republic of San Domingo, which will go into effect September 1.

Members of the administration have already began to discuss the ways and means of raising the money that it will be absolutely necessary to have in the near future to meet pension payments under the present laws. Some sort of a new tax has got to be imposed, and the most of them seem inclined to put it upon whiskey by raising the revenue from 90 cents per gallon to something between $1.20 and $1.50 per gallon. However, all that the administration can do is to make suggestions; the Democratic House of Representatives will determine what shall be done.

Senator Sherman's friends are trying hard to make it appear that they look lightly upon the opposition of the Farmer's Alliance to his re-election, but in reality they regard it as such a serious matter that unless they can succeed in patching up some sort of a reconciliation before long one of them said that Sherman would be compelled to withdraw in order to save himself the ignomy of defeat.

Had Mr. Harrison been able to circulate incognita among the prominent Republican politicians who were here this week consequent upon the meeting of the National Executive committee he would certainly have arrived at the conclusion that he was no longer "in it", as far as a nomination is concerned. It was unquestionably a Blaine week in Washington, and if the National committee can bring it about Blaine is to be nominated, and one of their number—Col. Conger, of Ohio—is authority for the statement that he will accept the nomination if it is tendered him. M.

Murderer Sawtelle to Hang.

Isaac Sawtelle, the notorious New Hampshire murderer, must hang. On Friday the Sepreme Court, in full bench overruled all the prisoner's exceptions, which were, prejudiced jury, previously expressed opinions, and lack of jurisdiction.

Sawtelle was charged with enticing his brother into New Hampshire, by reporting that his little daughter was ill, and intercepting and murdering him on the way, in order to inherit his property. The evidence was largely circumstantial. The alleged body of the murdered man never was satisfactory identified, because the head never was found.

The Crops will be Great.

DULUTH, Minn., July 31.—Reports from the west continue to bring most favorable advices as to the wheat crop. The Van Dusen-Harrington company say: "All our correspondents send us most encouraging reports. At Lisbon, N. D., where they had a drought last year, there is plenty of moisture, the wheat is filling out well, and the largest crop for many years is promised. From all parts of the Red River Valley we hear the same story, as well as from the region between the Red River Valley and Devil's Lake."

Spencer, Moore & Co. say: "We have the best of reports from all over the northwest. We hear the promise of nothing but enormus crops. The grain is late, and harvesting will not be general throughout North Dakota until the 15th or 20th of next month. The only things that need be feared are too much rain and early frost. Think Minnesota and Dakota will have 110,000,000 to 115,-000,000 bushels."

Nearly every other report received here is of a similar nature, whether from elevator companies, agents of grain firms, farmers or crop experts.

HARRISON'S boom for the second term seems each day to be growing beautifully less.

The "Pluck-Me Store" Iniquity.

It is evident that some of the mining and manufacturing corporations in this state which keep what workingmen expressively describe as "pluck-me stores" are preparing to evade the new law for the suppression of this abuse. The Wood-Morrell store at Johnstown—the model of all these plundering institutions—has taken the *alias* of the Penn Tariff Company, and proposes to continue its old methods in the interest of the Cambria Iron Company. Mr. James White, President of the Miners' Association in Western Pennsylvania, says of one of the coal corporations that "they have lately shown a determination to compel their employes to trade in their store, the Superintendent going so far as to have the men notified in their homes that they must spend more of their earnings in the company store."

Since the legislative power has again and again denounced this abuse it is hardly necessary to dwell upon the canting pretexts by which the spoliation is defended. The corporation store owners, who consult only their greed, set themselves up as Special Providences whose mission it is to protect workingmen against the consequences of their own extravagance by means of a system which prevents them from expending money for beer and for indulgence in vice. Yet this insidious system not merely filches the earnings of honest labor, but it engenders habits of extravagance, waste and improvidence in workingmen and their families. Economy and thrift are out of the question when the pass-book and the company store order for payment of wages in truck constitute the only currency in circulation among workingmen. When an employe does not spend his earnings at the company store, and demands payment in cash at the end of the month, a pretext is soon found to get rid of him. A few such examples of thrift around a coal operation or an iron establishment with the "pluck-me-store" attachment would be fatal to the success of the system. What the companies operating these stores want are workingmen who take orders in payment of wages and ask no annoying questions about current market rates for commodities.

Hitherto the Courts in Pennsylvania have refused to enforce legislation to suppress this company store abuse, on the ground that it would interfere with the right of private contract; and on this ground the effort will be made to defeat the operation of the new law. Yet the English Courts, from which we derive so much of our jurisprudence on this and kindred subjects, have, for reasons of public policy, long enforced the law of Parliament against the "pluck-me stores." The Courts of Pennsylvania will not, for the same reason, enforce a contract to pay a bet or a gambling debt, or a liquor bill. The Supreme Court of this state has found no difficulty in affirming the law which, in the exercise of the police power, was passed to prohibit the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine. Yet the same Court has held that this power may not be exercised by the Legislature to suppress an abuse and iniquity so flagrantly violative of sound policy as the "pluck-me store system.

Since the latest decision on this subject the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has undergone some change in its personnel, and the new law has been somewhat altered in form, if not in spirit, for the sake of overcoming judicial doubts. Hence it is not improbable that the latest legislative effort to stamp out the company store iniquity will be sustained in the Courts. But of no less importance is the attire of the workingmen of Pennsylvania who have been made the victims of this abuse. If they should connive with the employing corporations to evade the law a judicial decision in its favor would be of small utility. After all, the workingmen themselves have a more potential means of suppressing this evil than can be found in a mere statute. If they should sustain each other in refusing to accept aught but cash in payment of wages the company store for filching their earnings would soon become as unprofitable as it is odious and iniquitous.—*Phila. Record.*

A Madman at Large.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., Aug. 2.—John Mening, who escaped from the asylum at Harrisburg, some time ago, is terrorizing the inhabitants of a number of mining towns. He appeared on the borders of Northumberland county last night. A couple of miners coming dawn a mountain path heard a yelping like that of a dog and a series of horrible cries. Then suddenly the bushes were parted by a man who as he crouched on the path, viciously snapped his frothing lips, resembled a gorilla. He was about to spring on the men who raised their picks menacingly and retreated behind a rocky barrier. "I am the king of the mountains," the madman yelled, "and you must leave my kingdom."

He then dashed into the undergrowth and disappeared. The madman has a cave near Ashland, and at night swoops down upon the towns and procures provisions for the following day. He threatens to kill the first man who invades his mountain lair, which up to this time has not been discovered. A determined effort is being made to capture the king and send him back to the asylum before he murders anybody. The women and children are especially alarmed, and everybody in the region will breathe easier when the news of Mening's capture is announced.

Potter County Alarmed.

BRADFORD, Aug. 4.—Potter county is alarmed, and with good cause, over the ravages of a worm that is destroying the foliage and killing off the hemlock timber, A remarkable scene is presented in the "choppings" where the bark peelers are at work. The worms are swarming about the men by the millions, while on all the trees from Coudersoprt to Port Allegheny, miles and miles of trees are turning brown and ruin is threatened to the vast lumber interest of that section.

The worm that is doing the damage is of the "measuring worm" species about an inch long and barely an eighth of an inch in diameter. Reports from Glen Hazel, Elk county, and from the east sipe of the country, state that the same worm in countless numbers is devasting the hemlocks there.

THE pensioning of a confederate soldier, which is the last freak of the pension bureau, is not quite so bad as pensioning a union deserter or one dismised the service in disgrace, and there are instances of both.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—It is said that if the rays of the sun are permitted to shine through a window into a horse's eyes blindness may result.

—An unknown man was struck by a way passenger train at New Florence Saturday evening and instantly killed. He was walking on the track.

—Gold buried by a farmer in Dearborn county, O., has led to a bitter feud among the heirs, some of them digging up acres of farm land left to another.

—Joseph, Annie and Fred Willard, aged respectively 18, 13 and 9 years, were poisoned at their home in Boston on Saturday by eating canned salmon. Their condition is critical.

—Jerome Mullen, of Hillside, Westmoreland county, in attempting to board a moving train at that place, caught his foot in the step and was thrown violently to the ground. His skull was crushed. He will die.

—James Gormley, of Bradford, was boat-riding with a lady friend on Chautauqua Lake on Saturday. The boat overturned, the lady clung to it, and Gormley started to swim for the shore; he was drowned but she was rescued.

—The body of little Annie Fredericks, who was lost in the mountains about Wilkesbarre some time ago while berry-picking, was found on Saturday. She had been killed by bears or other wild animals and considerable of her flesh devoured.

—Texas fever has broken out among the cattle near Arkansas City, Kan., and over two score have already died. The people are greatly excited and have taken steps to establish a quarantine. A number of stock raisers and farmers will lose everything.

—In the case of Joseph Knight, of this state, sentenced February 28, 1888, to seven years and five months' imprisonment in the Eastern penitentiary for embezzling certain money of a National Banking Association, the president has denied the application for a pardon.

—The largest fig orchard in the world is expected to be one that will soon be planted in Pomoma Valley, Cal. Over 700 acres will be planted or 73,000 trees. The projectors believe they can produce figs equal to the best Smyrna varieties. The trees will be imported from Syria.

—Interesting experiments have been made lately upon the effects of giving cows hot water to drink instead of cold. The results are satisfactory. It has been proven that when the cows drink water at a temperature of 45 degrees (centigradee) they yield one third more milk than when they drink cold water.

—A number of bees selected the garret of a California church for a hive, storing in it many tons of honey. The recent hot weather caused the wax to melt, which loosened the store of sweetness. The weight was too heavy for the church rafters to hold and the whole partition of the roof caved in over the pulpit. The church pews and pulpit were completely buried in honey and wax.

—The Week House, at Palmer, Mass., was destroyed by fire at 2 o'clock on Monday morning. There were about thirty-five guests and boarders in the house, and they had barely time to escape in their night clothing. Rev. Mr. Williams, a retired Congregational minister, who had been boarding at the house, was burned to death. The loss will be about $30,000. The hotel was insured for $10,000, and the furniture for $2,000.

—A distressing railroad accident happened at the freight station in Ludwick, Westmoreland county, Saturday morning about 9 o'clock, in which David B. Weaver, one of Ludwick's oldest and most widely known and highly esteemed citizens met instant death. He was walking along the railroad track and was about to step from it when he was struck by day express and hurled to one side. He was dead when picked up. Deceased was 84 years of age and leaves a wife and five children.

—Jonathan White, of Shelby, N. Y., is being searched for by police, charged with abduction. White, who is eighty years old, induced pretty little Clara Bissell, aged only fourteen, to elope with him, and after driving to a neighboring place succeeded in inducing a justice to marry them. Relatives of the girl were wild when facts were learned and promptly went in search of the aged bridegroom, but getting wind of the disturbance, White allowed the girl to return home and fled for parts unknown.

—On Friday morning Mrs. John Brodish, wife of a miner living at Port Royal, on the B. & O., near Greensburg, took her three-year-old child and went out to gather coal on the railroad. While the mother was engaged the little one wandered off and sat down to play under the wheels of a freight car. Another car was dropped down the siding, striking the one under which the child sat and cutting it in two, from the right shoulder to the left thigh. The horror-stricken mother witnessed the accident but was powerless.

—Sheriff Robinson, of Luzerne county, presented a peculiar petition to the Court on Saturday. Elias Young will be tried at the next term of court for the murder of the Sheriff's brother, Elias Robinson. The tragedy took place twenty-five years ago. Evidence has just been discovered in the case. The sheriff, in his petition, says he is an interested party, and that it would not be right for him to draw the jury that will try the prisoner. He therefore, asks the court to appoint some one to do it. The court appointed the coroner.

—The much-talked-of running race between Tenny and Longstreet came off at Morris' park track on Saturday. The race was for $12,500, mile and a quarter dash. The track was in good condition, despite the rains, and when the horses appeared they were greeted with great applause. The ruling odds were four to five and you had your choice. Mr. Dwyer backed Longstreet with his usual freedom, placing $20,-000 on his horse at prevailing odds, and Mr. Pulsifer, the ownor of Tenny, showed the confidence he had in his horse by sending $10,000 to the book-makers. It was 4:30 o'clock when they were sent away with Longstreet in the lead and won with ease by ten lengths. Time, 2:07¼.

—A new use for foxes has been found in Sable Island, which has exemplified in its time several curious vicissitudes of animal population. The island is as overstocked with rabbits as New Zealand itself. These animals were introduced at the beginning of the century for the benefit of the life-saving staff which constitutes the whole population of that wreck-strewn island. Once the rabbits were exterminated by castaway rats, and again by a flock of Artic owls. A third time the rabbits were introduced, and have so increased that there will be no grass left for the cattle and ponies unless something is done. It has now been decided to import a number of foxes, with the hope that they will keep down or kill off the rabbits without themselves becoming a nuisance.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

J. B. WILBER,

(Located in building formerly occupied by E. Roberts & Son,)

EBENSBURG, PENNA.

HATS! -:- HATS!

SUMMER HATS, STRAW HATS, LIGHT HATS, HEAVY HATS, WIDE HATS, NARROW HATS.

Special Sale of All Kinds of

STRAW HATS,

GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

Fancy Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Hose, Handkerchiefs, FINE SUMMER UNDERWEAR—Merino, Gauze and Balbriggan.

CLOTHING!

Suits for Men, -	$4.75 to $18.00.
Suits for Youths,	3.00 to 10.00.
Suits for Boys,	1.25 to 7.00.
Suits for Children,	1.00 to 5.00.

Light, dark and medium colors, and the best goods for the money to be shown by anyone—and the newest styles.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURG.

EXTRAORDINARY

Cheap July Bargains!

Write to our Mail Order Deparment for samples of our wonderful offerings for this month. There'r still two months of summer but all our summer goods are marked away down. Wraps, Jackets and Dress Goods 30 per cent. off. Light-Weight dress goods and Domestics, 20 per cent. off. Carpets, Curtains and Upholstery, 15 per cent. off.

THESE ARE JUST THE AVERAGE REDUCTIONS.

Some are reduced more; some are reduced less. THE REDUCTIONS AVERAGE JUST AS QUOTED. It will pay you to come to the city. If it isn't possible for you to come to Pittsburg, WRITE FOR SAMPLES TO

Our Mail Order Department.

CAMPBELL - & - DICK,

83, 85, 87 and 89 FIFTH AVENUE.

I. P. Thomas & Son Co.

For the same reason you don't tie your horse to an empty manger for months at a time, you don't want to put in your wheat this fall without an ample quantity of food—enough to grow a full crop of wheat and succeding grass.

To supply this plant-food in the proper shape is our business. We say *proper* shape because most anybody can mix a little South Carolina Rock and Paint together and call it fertilizer; but twenty-three years' experience at the business, with our complete facilities has enabled us to make fertilizers that will produce the desired results. There isn't any question about it. You will say so too, if you have used our goods, and if you haven't, you can get them and all desired information from our agents. The Thomas' Phosphates are standard and thoroughly guaranteed.

FOR SALE BY

W. I. ANSTEAD, - - Johnstown, Pa.
JOS. A. NOEL, - - Ebensburg, Pa.

Best and Cheapest.

We now have the largest and best selected stock of Men's, and Boys' Clothing in the county. Our Spring Stock is now complete. We have the best selection of

Gents' Furnishing Goods

in the county. Also, all the nobby styles of Hats in the Market. Our motto is "Good Goods and Low Prices." It will pay you to come and see us as we can and will save you money.

Very Respectfully,

C. A SHARBAUGH,
CARROLLTOWN, PENN'A

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If You Want the News,

Read The Freeman!

Only $1.50 Per Year.

Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,

—DEALERS IN—

General .·. Merchandise,

CLOTHING, FLOUR FEED,

Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE NO. 1. OF THE Cresson, Clearfield County and New Short Route Railroad. In effect on and after June 7th, 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

	WEST.		EAST.
Oyster Exp.	2 55 A M	Day Exp.	11 04 A M
Western Exp.	4 45 A M	Mail	9 30 A M
Johnstown Exp.	8 27 A M	Altoona Exp.	12 30 P M
Pacific Exp.	8 45 A M	Mail Exp.	4 07 P M
Mail	4 26 P M	Phila Exp.	6 37 P M
Fast Line	8 47 P M	Eastern Exp.	10 17 P M
Way Pass.	2 36 P M	Fast Line	11 24 P M

		STATIONS.	
Irvona Exp.†	9 05		
Church Train†	9 24		
Fast Line*	10	Cresson.	
Mail*	10	Wildwood.	
		Lloyd.	
		Dawson.	
		Ashville.	
		Mineral.	
		Gladdon.	
		Mineral.	
		Van Ormer.	
		Creekside.	
		Vanscoy.	
		Irvona.	
Dist			
Pacific Exp.*			
Mail*	10		
Church Train†	11		
Cresson Exp.†	1 05		

*Leave daily except Sunday.
†Leave Sunday only
Black letters indicate telegraph stations.
Denny's, Moore's and Orrtle's Crossings will be flag stations for all trains.
No. 1 connects at Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8.27 for points between Cresson and Johnstown, and with Pacific Express at 8.45 for points west of Johnstown. Also with Mail Train at 9.25 for points east of Cresson.
No. 5 connects with Mail Train at 4.26 for points West of Cresson, and Mail Express for points east of Cresson.
From points west of Cresson No. 4 connects with Mail train at 9.28, and from points east of Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8.27, and Pacific Express at 8.45.
No. 6 connects with Mail Train at 4.26 from points east of Cresson, and Mail Express at 5 from points west of Cresson.
Sunday trains connect with Pacific Express for Mail Train west and mail Express east.
Passengers going to or from points on Pennsylvania & Northwestern Railroad can take train at this port or Irvona.
Stations marked "f" are flag stations. Passengers wishing to get off will notify the conductor. Passengers wishing to get on will hail the train at these stations. Trains will not stop unless so notified.
W. F. RATHBUN,
General Manager and Superintendent.
F. J. BURROON, Train Master.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE OF THE Ebensburg & Cresson Branch Railroad. In effect June 7th 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

	WEST.		EAST.
Oyster Exp.	2 55 a m	Day Exp.	11 04 a m
Western Exp.	4 45 a m	Mail	9 30 a m
Johnstown Exp.	8 27 a m	Altoona Exp.	12 30 p m
Pacific Exp.	8 45 a m	Mail Exp.	4 07 p m
Mail	4 26 p m	Phila Exp.	6 37 p m
Fast Line	8 47 p m	Eastern Exp.	10 17 p m
Way Pass.	2 36 p m	Fast Line	11 24 p m

SOUTHWARD.

	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3.
Ebensburg		7 30	10 25	
Bradley	5.0	7 40	10 37	
Kaylor	6.8	7 46	10 34	
Noel	8.3	7 51	10 39	
Munster	7.5	7 56	10 41	
Lucket	9.6	8 03	10 45	
Cresson	11.3	8 10	10 50	

NORTHWARD.

	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3.
Cresson		9 45	11 10	
Lucket	3.7	9 50	11 20	
Munster	3 8	9 55	11 25	
Noel	8.3	9 59	11 35	
Kaylor	6.5	10 02	11 41	
Bradley	8.5	10 07	11 47	
Ebensburg	11.3	10 15	12 01	

Bradley, Noel and Lucket are Flag Stations. No trains on Sunday.

Notice to

Tax-Payers

Notice is hereby given that the County Treasurer of Cambria county will attend for the purpose of receiving county and state taxes assessed for the year 1891 at the following places during the elections in the respective districts named in the dates mentioned below.

A discount of 5 per cent. will be allowed on all taxes paid on or before September 1st, and after October 1st. 5 per cent will be added on all taxes unpaid.

Northern District.

South Fork borough	July 29
Croyle township	July 30
Wilmore borough	July 30
Summerhill township	July 31
Portage borough	July 31
Portage township	July 31
Lilly borough	July 31
Washington township, No. 1	July 31
Washington township, No 2	July 31
Tunnelhill borough	July 31
Gallitzin borough	July 31
Gallitzin township	July 31
Susquehanna township	August 1
Dean township	August 1
Ashville borough	July 29
Chest Springs borough	August 1
Allegheny township	August 1
Loretto borough	August 1
Blacklick township	August 1
Cambria township	August 1
Clearfield township	August 1
Reade township	August 1
White township	August 2
Chest township	August 2
Carroll township	August 2
Barr township	August 3
Susquehanna township	August 3
Elder township	August 3
Hastings borough	August 3
Carrolltown borough	August 3
Ebensburg, East ward	August 3
Ebensburg, West ward	August 3

The Deputy County Treasurer for the Northern district will be in the Treasurer's office, Ebensburg, Pa., every Saturday beginning July 18th until Saturday, August 22, and every day from August 25th, thereafter.

Southern District.

Coopersdale borough	July 29
Franklin borough	July 30
East Conemaugh borough	July 30
Johnstown, 1st ward	July 30
do 2nd ward	July 30
do 3rd ward	July 30
do 4th ward	July 30
do 5th ward	July 30
do 6th ward	July 30
do 7th ward	July 30
do 7th ward, Moxham district	July 30
do 8th ward	July 30
do 9th ward	July 30
do 10th ward	July 30
do 11th ward	July 30
do 12th ward	August 1
do 13th ward	August 1
do 14th ward	August 1
do 15th ward	August 1
do 16th ward	August 1
Morrellville borough	August 1
Lower Yoder township	August 1
Dale borough	August 1
Stonycreek township	August 1
Upper Yoder township	August 1
Jackson township	August 1
East Taylor township	August 1
West Taylor township	August 1
Adams township	August 1
Richland township	August 1
Conemaugh township	August 1

The County Treasurer for the Southern district will be at the office of E. J. O'Connor, opposite postoffice, Johnstown, Pa., every Saturday beginning July 18th, until Saturday, August 22, and every day from August 25th until December 1st, 1891, for the accommodation of those who wish to pay their county and state taxes.

C. J. MAYER,
County Treasurer.

Treasurers' office, Ebensburg, May 22, 1891. jun12.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE!

A LOT of ground in the West ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Sample street having thereon erected a

FRAME HOUSE

and outbuildings, all in good repair. For terms or particulars call on or address

JOHN NEALAN, Nicktown, Pa., or
M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

THRESHING MACHINES A Specialty

Simplest, Most Durable, Economical and Perfect in use. Wastes no Grain! Sizes to Ready Market.

Threshing Engines & Horse Powers.

SAW MILLS and Standard Implements generally.

Send for Ill. Catalogue.

A. B. FARQUHAR CO.,
Penna. Agricult'l Works, York, Pa.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to teach any fairly intelligent person who can read and write, how to earn This Salary in their own locality, wherever they live. I desire to employ one person in each locality and will pay the right parties the above salary. Those who write me at once will learn of something to their advantage. No money for us unless successful. Capital not required. I desire but one worker in each locality. Those who have already taught and profited with us are making over $3000 a year. Any one is capable of doing the work after our instructions. Many are making more than the amount named. I desire but one worker in each locality. Those who write me at once will learn of something to their advantage. No money for us unless successful. Capital not required. I will teach you and furnish employment at which you can make large pay all the time you work. Write at once and address, STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK.

General Insurance Agent.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - AUGUST 7, 1891.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Frank Powers, of Cresson, was in town on Thursday.

—The chestnut crop this season has every indication of being a large one.

—Miss Linda Jones, of Kane, McKean Pa., is visiting relatives in Ebensburg.

—The FREEMAN office is the place to get your job printing. Good work at low prices.

—Mrs. Susan Rhey, of this place, on Friday of last week, celebrated her 96th birthday.

—The brittle weather of the past week is bad for farmers who have not got their hay all in.

—The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers will hold a picnic at Ninevah on August 22nd.

—Mr. and Mrs. Loch, of Ohio, are visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. Edward Griffith, of this place.

—It is stated from experience that if Canada thistles are cut down in the old of the moon they die.

—Messrs. C. A. McGonigle and John Lahey, both of Lilly, were in town for a few hours on Thursday.

—Mr. Linus Fagan, of Braddock, a former Ebensburg boy, spent a few days in town this week visiting friends.

—A little twin boy of Mr. Edwin Bumford, of Cambria township, died on Saturday morning aged about eight months.

—Mr. Melancthon Evans, of Altoona, former ly of this place has been selected as mail carrier in the First ward of that city.

—A little Scottdale girl 8 years old, died the other day from the effects of a-lump of chewing gum swallowed two years ago.

—The property of Alfred Lane, a large brick manufacturer of Altoona, has been seized by the Sheriff for the benefit of creditors.

—Mr. William Richardson, Jr., an engineer on the P. R. R., who runs from Conemaugh to Gallitzin, was here on Sunday visiting his parents.

—Prof. T. T. Morrell, for many years a chemist of the Cambria Iron Company, at Johnstown, has resigned his position with the company.

—Mr. D. H. Kinkead, of this place, will resume his old position as shipping clerk at the Gautier works in Johnstown on the first of January next.

—On Thursday of last week a two-year-old daughter of Benjamin Bunn, of Johnstown, fell into a bucket of hot water and was scalded to death.

—On Friday July 31st the stores of Wood, Morrell & Co., in Johnstown, Hollidaysburg and Bennington were transferred to the Penn Traffic Company.

—Mr. E. J. Harvey, of East Conemaugh, accompanied by his wife, drove up to Ebensburg, on Sunday and paid a short visit to some of his friends.

—In a game of ball at this place on Monday between the Ebensburg club and a club from Gallitzin, the home team came out victorious. Score, 13 to 11.

—Mr. Isaac Wissinger, of East Conemaugh, formerly of Blacklick township, was in town on Wednesday on his way North for the purpose of buying stock.

—P. M. Brown and wife, Joseph Pringle and wife, and D. B. Wilt and wife, all of Wilmore, are at Detroit, Michigan, in attendance at the Grand Army encampment.

—Harry White Jr., John Laughlin, Ross Sutton and Alex M. Stewart, Jr., all of Indiana, are spending a few days in Ebensburg.

—On Tuesday night the helper attached to Philadelphia Express east ran over and killed a Hungarian named Peter Herman at Gallitzin. The body was badly mutilated.

—Mr. Joseph Garman, residing in Allegheny county, near Braddock, accompanied by his daughter, visited his brother, Mr. John Garman the latter part of last week.

—Samuel Louther was brought to jail on Wednesday to undergo a sixty-day sentence for obstreperous conduct at the Pennsylvania railroad station in Johnstown.

—Burn a little sulpher in the celler and rooms of a house once in a while. It will consume and kill unpleasant odors and destroy all disease germs with which it comes in contract.

—An 18-foot vein of iron ore has been discovered in Lebanon, an assay of which shows it to contain 65 to 70 per cent of iron. It is thought to be the richest vein in the world.

—Mr. William M. Jones, formerly of this place, but for several years past a resident of Allegheny and doing business in Pittsburg, spent a couple of days in town the first part of the week.

—The largest ingot of metal ever made in the country was cast in a sand mould at Carnegie, Phipps & Co's. Braddock Mill. It measured 80 inches wide and 23 inches thick, and weighed 32,000 lbs.

—Mr. W. R. Dinsmore, of Punxsutawney, who succeeds Mr. D. H. Kinkead as Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue in this district, visited this place on Tuesday in the discharge of his official duties.

—Editor J. W. Kilduff, of the Gallitzin *Vindicator*, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Daniel Carney, of Munster township, was in town on Monday and while here paid the FREEMAN a brief visit.

—Governor Pattison and party left Bedford Monday morning on their return on horseback from that place to Harrisburg. Tuesday night was spent in Shippensburg and on Wednesday the party took dinner at Carlisle.

—Messrs. McFadden & Co., the railroad contractors, who are building a portion of the new railroad from Mark's Mills, have leased the building west of Miss Ann McDonald's residence on High street, and are getting it up for an office.

—Grasshoppers in considerable numbers have appeared at various points in this county. The oats is being made to suffer by the western visitors. Some farmers are cutting their crops in consequence before they would otherwise have done so.—*Westmoreland Democrat.*

—The new South Fork railroad was opened for business last week. The road is about eight miles long and runs through the South Fork lake, or where the lake used to be, up to within two miles of Scalp Level. The principal traffic on the road will be lumber and coal.

—Mr. John Flick, Mr. T. A. Sharbaugh, Misses A. Sharbaugh, M. A. Sharbaugh, H. Sharbaugh, R. M. Sharbaugh and A. R. Buck, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sharbaugh, all of Carrolltown, and Dr. M. J. Buck, of Baltimore, were here on Wednesday in attendance at the funeral of Sister DeSales.

—On Thursday morning of last week a farming struck the barn of William Moser, in Indiana county, setting it on fire and burning it to the ground with its entire contents, consisting of a good part of this years crops and a lot of farming implements. Loss, estimated at about $2,000.

—On Monday a charter was issued from the State Department at Harrisburg to the Ebensburg Tanning Company, of this place, with the principal office in Pittsburg, capital stock, $40,000. Directors, Charles D. Callery, William V. Callery, Charles D. Callery and John Rohenstein, all of Pittsburg, and George T. Hamilton, of Edgewood.

—The railroads of this country now have a passenger black-list, which includes the names of all persons who loaned passes to others, or in any way abused their privileges.

—John Kinney, a resident of Johnstown, was found dead in bed on Monday morning. The deceased was thirty-five year of age, unmarried, and formerly kept a saloon on Washington street.

—The coal and coke works of the Clearfield Coal Company at Tyler, three miles from Penfield, in Clearfield county, have been started full, with heavy orders booked. Some two hundred men have been given employment.

—John Shaffer, of East Conemaugh, Thursday sold his lumber yard to E. B. Cresswell, the well known Ebensburg contractor whose mill there was recently destroyed by fire. The consideration is not known.—*Johnstown Herald.*

—If the necessary arrangements can be made with the managers of the Cresson & Coalport railroad, a special train will be run on that road to connect with the special leaving Ebensburg on next Tuesday evening, the day of the races.

—If you wish to have fine tomatoes and plenty of them, cut back all the leading shoots from three to six inches, and remove all sprouts from the base of the stem. There will be an important gain in earliness, productiveness and size of fruit.

—Wm. Patterson, a farmer of Unity township, Westmoreland county, while out riding Saturday morning, was thrown from his horse and his foot caught in the rein. The unfortunate man was dragged for a long distance and he sustained injuries from which he will die.

—John Kookich, of Johnstown, while walking on the coke trestles at the old blast furnaces on Friday, lost his balance and fell a distance of twenty-five feet, crushing his skull and receiving other injuries which will likely cause his death. Kookish is about 25 years of age and unmarried.

—Somerset is the only one of the eighteen counties in the Internal Revenue district that will receive any benefit from the bounty on maple sugar. Over four hundred farmers in this county have made application and none has been made from any of the other counties in the district.—*Somerset Herald.*

—Frank Burgraff, a thirteen-year-old boy of Johnstown, was struck by a street car which he tried to board while in motion on Friday last, and thrown under the wheels. His left leg was badly crushed between the ankle and the knee and after being taken to the hospital, the physicians found it necessary to amputate the injured member. It is thought the boy will recover.

—A young horse belonging to Mr. Web Griffith, hitched to a buggy, started on a run while Mr. Griffith was a short distance away from it on Monday, when near the opera house, and following Centre street turned west on High steet to Julian street, where it turned to Sample and stopped at Dr. Griffith's stable. The buggy and harness were badly demoralized, but luckily no one was hurt.

—The Somerset *Democrat* says: Judge William J. Baer, on being interviewed at his home here with regard to the report sent out to the papers from Bedford, that he refused to be a candidate for re-election, said: "I am not going about seeking a nomination, for I do not think it in character with the position I occupy. If my fellow citizens desire me again to be a candidate I shall certainly not decline." This settles the question so far as Judge Baer is concerned.

—Judge Easly, accompanied by Nimrod McElear, left to-day (Monday) for Armstrong county, to visit his brother Casper, who lives on the old homestead. It has been forty years since the Judge saw his brother, who is now eighty-six years of age, and the Judge himself eighty-four. Can any one imagine the emotions that will possess these two venerable men when they shall look into each other's face after so many years and probably for the last time on earth?—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—A Man in Jefferson county who had a sick cow wanted to get her up. Not being able to do so with his own strength, he fixed a blanket under her, attached his hay carrier and hitched on the old horse, which had not forgotten the distance he had to go to deliver the hay and didn't propose to stop short. He drew the old cow up to the top of the barn where the track carried her over an empty mow, when the blanket gave away and dropped her on the empty logs, breaking every bone in her body.

—We are under obligations to our friend John Ricketts, of Reade township, for presenting us with a fine basket of peaches. The peaches arrived here on Monday and, as the express man remarked when he delivered them, "they were the best looking peaches brought to town this year." The FREEMAN force sampled them and the verdict was that the express man knew what he was talking about. The peaches were raised by Mr. Ricketts on his farm in Reade township and we have been told that his crop will be about seventy-five bushels.

—The contract for grading that part of the new railroad across the summit at Strittmatter's, which for some reason only known to the railroad officials, was withheld at the time the balance of the road was let, has been awarded to Charles McFadden, of Philadelphia, who has now the contract and is at work on part of the road near Buck's mills. It is said that work on the tunnel near Strittmatter's, on the Carrolltown road, will be commenced in a few days, and after the men get under ground will be prosecuted day and night until finished.

—The "Home Fascinator Company," of Montreal, Canada, which has been offering prizes throughout the country to the persons sending the largest correct list of English words of not less that four letters constructed from the letters contained in "The World's Fair," turns out to be a fraud. Their mode of operation is to notify their victims that they have been awarded a silver tea set worth one hundred and twenty dollars, and asking for $4.90 to pay the cost of packing. After receiving the $4.90, that is the end of it. We have heard of several parties in this county who have been victimized.

—William Wolverton, President of Mau's Baggage Express Company, of New York City, came up from Cresson on Wednesday and returned on the 3:35 train in the afternoon. "Billy," as he was known about thirty-five years ago, lived in Ebensburg with the late James Ross, and is known and remembered by a number of the older residents. He just returned from London, England, a few days ago and finding his family were stopping on the mountain at Cresson joined them at that place, and feeling anxious to see some of his old time friends took a run up to Ebensburg.

—Captain R. H. McCormick, of Cherrytree, who has been spending a few days visiting his daughter, Mrs. Jesse Bolsinger, of this place, gives an instance of the changes in land values in the north of this county. A few years ago Messrs. Hopkins & Irwin owned a five hundred acre tract in Susquehanna township, known as the "Whippoorwill" tract. After cutting off all the timber, then valuable, the firm offered the land for $1,000, but could find no buyer. They afterward sold it for $1,500. It was again stripped of timber and after a few years was sold for $5,000, the purchasers making considerable money out of the timber then standing. And now, six or seven years after, the present owners have refused $28,000 for the coal under the land.

—D. W. Schrecongost, Tuesday, brought in a cow from his former home, at Plumville, that is a freak of the first water She is 16 month old and weighs 200 pounds. She is about three feet high and is fat and plump. This minature cow gives a gallon of rich milk twice a day. Mr. Schrecongost will exhibit her at the fair this fall.—*Indiana (Pa.) Gazette.*

—A committee of Old Portage Railroaders have issued the following: "It has been talked of for some time past among some of the Old Portage railroad men and a number of their younger friends in this city that they take a tramp over the Old Portage road from the Summit to Hollidaysburg, and it is decided that those wishing to take this trip will meet at the Logan House, Altoona, in time for the goat on Saturday morning, August 8, and report to Andrew Purcell, sr., Frank Fee, D. A. Reagan, P. McTamny, Richard Sharp, Geo. McIntosh, Paul Sharp, Committee."

—At Keystone Hill, a small mining village in Clearfield county, on Wednesday morning of last week, Reuben Wilkings, who boarded with John Wilson, struck Mrs. Wilson on the back of the head with a base ball bat, making an ugly fracture of the skull from which she may not recover. Wilkings thinking he had killed the woman then went up stairs and cut his throat severing the windpipe but not the juglar vein. He will likely get well as he is receiving the best medical attention. Should he recover he will be taken to the Clearfield jail to await trial. The cause of the trouble is said to have originated in Mrs. Wilson, telling Wilkings that he would have to find anot her boarding place.

—Many good housekeepers do not know that the most delicious jelly can be made of fruit skins and cores, such as are usually thrown away. There is more gelatinous matter around the core and skin of all fruit than in any other part. The skin of peaches with a few pits added, boiled in as little water as possible, strained and made up with sugar, pint for pound, yield a most delicious red jelly. A good jelly may be made of apple skins and cores, though it is improves in flavors and jellies more easily if a small quantity of the cores and skins of quinces are added to it. A very excellent jelly is made of grape skins and quince skins in about equal quantities. Pear skins contain less gelatinous matter than any other fruits, but if used in connection with quince skins will make a fair jelly.

—Sister DeSales, in the world Miss Theresa Latterner, died at the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in this place, on Monday, aged about 30 years. The deceased was the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Latter, both deceased, of Altoona, formerly of Ebensburg, and entered the convent in this place about thirteen years ago. For the past five or six years the deceased has been stationed at Straitsville, Ohio, where a convent of the same order is located, but returned to the convent in this place last spring in the hope of recuperating her health, which was delicate. She continued failing, however, and passed away on Monday evening. She is survived by two brothers, John Latterner, of Munster township, and Charles, of Buffalo, New York; and three sisters, Mrs. M. J. Denny and Mrs. Joseph Shearer, of Altoona, and Mrs. Frank Klise, of Canton, Ohio.

—A certain young woman of near Greensburg ran away from home some time ago, and although searched for far and wide, she could not be found. About the same time a young man, rather delicate looking, made his appearance at a farm house about ten miles from the girls home and applied for work, saying he could do any kind of farm work. The farmer hired him and he proved to be an excellent worker. Things were running along smoothly until one evening the young man engaged in a game of ball with other young fellows, and in running to catch a ball, in the excitement of the play, he stumbled and fell, cutting his head on a stone. He was carried into the house and a physician summoned, who in the performance of his duties discovered that the farm hand was a woman. The farmer and his family were astonished at the revelation, but their astonishment was increased when they discovered that she was none other than the young woman who had run away from home, an account of which they had read. This woman was sent home and is now married.—*Greensburg Press.*

—The erection of marble is the last work of respect to the memory of departed friends, and is a custom which has been followed from the earliest ages of antiquity. For many years J. Wilkinson & Son have been in the marble business in Ebensburg and through their energy and honorable dealings, they have built for themselves a reputation for doing their work in a most artistic manner. Their work is an ornament to the town as well as a credit to themselaes. We are giving them no more notoriety than they deserve, and to prove our assertion, go to their establishment and see for yourself. They take pleasure in showing their work, whether you wish to purchase or not. They have on exhibition at their works two car-loads of monuments and headstones, and in April and May will receive two car-loads more. They will then have a large assortment of the latest styles for customers to select from. They have arrangements made with wholesale granite dealers so that they can fill all orders for granite monuments and headstones in a short time and as cheap as can be done anywhere. They buy their stock in such large quantities that they defy competition. They also have the agency for the Champion Iron Company and are prepared to furnish all kinds of fencing or anything in iron. Persons wishing to purchase anything in their line of business would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as they have as fine, if not the finest stock of marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Give them a trial and you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

Elegant Fashion Books.

The new fashion journals: "La Mode," "La Mode de Paris," and Album des Modes," published by A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th street, New York, are the most elegant of their kind ever brought to our notice. The styles are drawn by the best artists; and the books are produced by rival houses in Paris, each trying to excel the other in the character of its publications. Formerly they were printed only in French, but they are now printed in English for the benefit of American readers. These journals furnish the styles one month in advance of any other similar publications; and they have a practical department, in which lessons are given each month on how to make dresses, etc. The admirable fashions, the lessons in dressmaking, and the giving of styles one month earlier than heretofore are strong points in favor of these fashion books, causing them to be called "the favorites." These excellent publications can be obtained from all newsdealers.

Fair Notes.

Four horses from Allegheny City are entered for the races at the Fair grounds on the 11th. Mr. Joe Duabin, of Fallen Timber, has also entered a horse for the running race.

It is said that two horses from Carrolltown will be entered for the races to take place next week.

The Directors of the Agricultural Society on Monday next will give out the contract for building one hundred stables on the Fair grounds.

The Directors have contracted with the the proprietors of a steam "merry-go-round" to bring their "machine" on the grounds during the Fair.

Blacklick and Barr Items.

BARR TWP., August 2, 1891.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

DEAR SIR:—As your paper is welcomed every week by many people in this section, I hope you will find room for the following items.

Harvest is pretty nearly over and I am pleased to say that the crops are pretty good. Oats is ripening fast and the corn will soon be ready for the coons.

Miss Barbara Hindstine, of Pittsburg, has been stopping with Mr. John Duman for some time past, enjoying the fresh mountain air.

Mr. Joseph Miller, of Barr township, has left for Jeanette on a business trip. He intends building a large hotel in that town and we wish him success in his undertaking.

Mr. Andrew Kirsch, of Barr township, has greatly improved the appearance of his premises by the erection of a handsome paling fence around his house.

Miss Katie Long and her brother, of St. Augustine, were visitors at Mr. John Harvey's last Sunday.

Mr. John Rupert Springer is stopping with his father, Mr. Joseph Springer. He will likely stop with him twenty-one years.

Mr. Jacob Baker, of Pittsburg, is visiting Mr. Joseph Priser. He is out on a fishing and hunting expedition, and if he can rival our friend John Eger in the fishing business he will be doing well.

Messrs. John Reddinger and John Frank started for South Fork with the former's drilling machine where he has been engaged to put down test wells for coal.

Mr. Frank Peters, of Barr township, is building a fine dwelling house and has it nearly completed.

Miss Mary Rehr, of Philadelphia, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rehr, of Barr township.

Mr. Frederick Lambour, of New York, who is engaged as a book-keeper for a large carriage-building firm in that city, and who has been visiting in Nicktown for some time past, returned to New York last week.

Mr. Joseph Priser is preparing to build a large frame barn on his premises.

Mr. Leo Miller and Miss Cassie Miller, of Jeanette, are visiting their parents in Barr township where they intend remaining until the first of September. They intend to return to Jeanette where Mr. Miller expects to work in the glass works.

Mr. Henry Duman has shut down his steam saw mill for some time past.

Mr. Augustine Parrish, of Barr township, with a crew of men is busy rolling and cleaning up a fine clearing which he intends sowing in wheat this fall.

Mr. Wentelin Duman, is following Mr. Kirsch's example and is also redding up a clearing. SCRIBBLER.

Brooks the Lock Picker.

The following we clip from the Pittsburg *Times*. Brooks is well known in Ebensburg, as he was here several years ago, selling locks and lecturing on the street:

Sidney Brooks who was arrested on Thursday for picking a lock, holds the title of champion in that line, and is an interesting figure. Brooks has stolen a large amount of goods during his 25 years career. He is now held for stealing a $35 suit of clothes from Engineer Charles Hood, of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. He had them locked in a compartment of his cab The prisoner admits having been on Hood's engine, but declares that he is innocent.

Brooks was born in Uniontown, Pa., 41 years ago and became an expert railroad engineer. He held several good positions. He became known in almost every city in the United States. He became general agent for the inventor of a burglar proof door and window lock who lived at Irwin, Pa. He made big money by this and Brooks shared the profits. Agents were sent out all over the United States. He next gave public exhibitions of his skill as a picker of locks. He could do the work with wooden toothpicks. His street lectures were followed by numerous small robberies. Stores and houses were entered. It was thought that Brook's lectures had given the hard characters a clue to use in ope ning locks without keys. Suspicion never rested on Brooks at the time. During six years he earned $75,000 which he lost. He lost, also, valuable property at Moringside. He is single.

Take No Chances.

During the present heated term, surrounded by impure water and subject at any moment to epidemics why risk your health, your happiness and probably your life, when a simple, pleasant and most effective preventative to human affliction is at your command. Physicians everywhere and nurses will promptly assure you of the advantage of good, pure liquor, such as Klein's "Silver Age" or "Duquesne" pure ryes. Goods that are without a compeer in the market, and the boast and admiration of everyone testing them. Ask your druggist or dealer for them. The "Silver Age" sells for $1.50 per full quart, and "Duquesne" for $1.25. If they do not keep it send to the reliable wholesale liquor house of Max Klein, 82 Federal street, Allegheny. You will find pure Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt and Gibson ryes, either at $1.00 per quart or six bottles for $5.00.

A complete catalogue a price list will be mailed on application.

Two Johnstown Girls.

Pittsburg papers say detectives visited a Second-avenue house, in that city on Tuesday afternoon and took therefrom Lizzie Bradley and May Lilian Johnson, two rather pretty girls, who were inmates of that place. At the lock-up the two girls gave their ages as eighteen years, though they don't look to be a day over fourteen.

The Johnson girl claims that her father was a boss in the Cambria Iron Works, at Johnstown, and that her entire family were drowned in the flood. She happened to be away from home at the time, and was, therefore, the only surviving member.

The Bradley girl stated that her folks are still living in Johnstown. Both girls were locked up and their people at Johnstown notified by telegraph of their arrest. Inspector McAleese thinks the girls are not over 16 years of age.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, August 5th, 1891:

Peter Furman and Anna Karlanko, Johnstown.

Herman Oyler, Johnstown, and Sue Miller, Bedford county.

John W. Hileman, West Taylor township, and Nancy E. Smith, Lower Yoder township.

Robert Lincoln Bender and Ellen F. Churdon, Delancy.

George A. Markley and Maggie S. Jacoby, Walnut Grove.

Justin Zelim Thiebund and Marie Mowrie, Johnstown.

George K. Kline, Indiana, Pa., and Sarah M. Morley, Johnstown.

William E. Govier, Scalp Level, and Adaline M. Clark, Adams township.

Joseph Stahr and Lena Brosig, Johnstown.

Thomas A. Donahay, Irvona, Pa., and Kate G. Dunphy, Dean township.

—Abr. Buzzard, of Bedford county, went to the barn to feed his stock on Sunday last, and on reaching his hand into the feed box was bitten by a copperhead snake in two places. By the prompt application of remedies and copious draughts of whiskey, he overcame the poison, but suffered intense agony from the bites for several days.

—For neat and cheap job printing try this office.

Things Seldom Found.

An honest politician; a newspaper that hasn't the largest circulation; the fellow who gets licked in the scrapping match; the girl who refuses an eligible offer of marriage; the merchant who does not carry the largest stock and sell at the lowest prices; the boiler that was not all right just before the explosion; the farmer who doesn't raise the finest stock and the best crops in his neighborhood; a dude with brains; a banker who favors Farmers' Alliance principles, and the man that knows when the old gun is loaded.

LOST!—Between the store and the lumber yard of A. Strittmatter, in Ebensburg, a pocket-book containing a sum of money The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning the same to the owner. U. D SHINEFELT.

Assignee's Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pennsylvania, to me directed, I will expose to public sale on the premises on

SATURDAY, AUG. 22, 1891,

at 10:30 o'clock, A. M., the following described Real Estate situate in Washington township, Cambria county Pennsylvania, lying close to the Pennsylvania railroad, and a short distance east of the Cresson station, bounded and described as follows, viz:

A lot of ground known and numbered as Lot No. 3 on the plan of lots laid out by Michael Slattery, beginning at a post on a street, thence by said street south 65½ degrees east 50 feet to a post; thence south 27 degrees west 120 feet to a post, on an alley; thence by said alley north 65½ degrees west 50 feet to a post; thence by line of Lot No. 4, belonging to John S nager, north 27 degrees east 120 feet to the place of beginning having thereon erected a TWO-STORY FRAME

Store-Building!

and STABLE and other OUT BUILDINGS, all in good repair.

Also, a lot of ground known and numbered as Lot No. 5 on said plan of lots, beginning at a post on a 20 foot street, thence north 64 degrees west 50 feet to a post; thence south 27 degrees west 120 feet to a 20 foot alley; thence south 64 degrees east 50 feet to a post, corner of Lot No. 4, owned by John Singer; thence by said lot of John Singer, north 27 degrees east 120 feet to the place of beginning.

Excepting and reserving all the Coal and other minerals in and under the said two described lots of ground with all the usual and necessary rights and privileges, the same having been reserved and excepted before said lots of ground were conveyed to M. F. McDonald.

TERMS OF SALE:

Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid in hand at the time of sale; the balance of one-third at the confirmation of sale; one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months from the confirmation of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by judgment bond and mortgage of purchaser. E. H. FLICK,

Assignee of M. F. McDonald, et ux.

Altoona, Pa., July 31, 1891.3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

—OF—

Mineral Right

—AND—

SURFACE!

BY VIRTUE of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will expose to public sale at the Ashville House, in the borough of Ashville, Pa. on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, '91,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Mineral and Surface rights:

All the Coal and Mineral right in all that certain tract of land situate in Gallitzin township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of the Altoona Coal & Coke Company, James Hanlin, Martha Seibert and others, containing

46 Acres,

MORE OR LESS.

Also, all the surface of all that certain tract of land situate in Dean township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Luke McGuire, Richard Elder, Elizabeth Trexler and others, containing

33 Acres,

MORE OR LESS.

Terms of Sale:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; one-third in one year, and one-third to remain a lien upon upon said properties, and the interest thereon to be paid annually to —— McGuire, widow of James N. McGuire, deceased. Deferred payments to bear interest, and to be secured upon the premises by bond and mortgage.

JOHN A. M'GUIRE,

Administrator of James N. McGuire, deceased.

Ebensburg, Pa., July 17th, 1891.

R. L. JOHNSTON. M. J. BUCK. A. W. BUCK.

ESTABLISHED 1872.

Johnston, Buck & Co.,

BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

Carrolltown Bank,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

T. A. HARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

LILLY BANKING : CO.,

LILLY, PA.,

JNO. B. MULLEN, - - - CASHIER.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.

Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring our patrons that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, and be held strictly confidential. Customers will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

LILLY BANKING CO.,

feb590. Lilly, Penna.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration upon the estate of Sarah Elizabeth Burke, of South Fork borough, Cambria county deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them, duly authenticated for settlement.

ARTHUR S. BURKE,

Administrator of Sarah Elizabeth Burke, dec'd.

July 3, 1891.6t.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the premises of the subscriber in White township, Cambria county, about the 10th of July, 1891, one stray bull, black and white spotted, about 18 months old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

July 24, 1891.3t. ADAM ESCH.

WASHINGTON & JEFFERSON COLLEGE,

WASHINGTON, PA.

The 91st year begins Sept. 16. Classical, Latin Scientific and Scientific courses of study. Preparitory Dept. conducted by the College Faculty. Expenses low. Morals of the place good. No saloons. For catalogue apply to

aug7.91.1m. PRESIDENT MOFFAT.

B. & B.

OUR REGULAR PRICES AND VALUES

Make it to you interest and profit to trade with these stores. Add this to our

SPECIAL .·. INDUCEMENTS

Offered by our

Mid-Summer - CLEARANCE - Sales

And the force of this argument is apparent —needs no further elucidation.

We have a surplus of Summer Dress Woolens, and have determined on an extensive sale of them. It means a big loss, the price at which this surplus lot goes off, and a correspondidg gain to fortunate late buyers.

Over 200 pieces choice, handsome, stylish Suitings, plaids, stripes and novelties, at 50 cents. Goods range in width 38, 40, 42, 47 and 50 inches. Some styles were 75 cents, a great majority $1.00 and $1.25, many others $1.50, and still others more, but all go in at this sacrifice price, 50 cents. We intend this sale and the remarkable values to be something out of the ordinary.

100 pieces of Anderson Ginghams at 15 cents, last year's styles but 40-cent quality.

200 pieces more at 25 cents. The best and most desirable patterns of this 1891 season.

Over 50 styles 22-inch India Silks, 50 cents.

27 and 30-inch Indias, 75 cents. Including the stylish black grounds.

Write for samples.

Compare prices and quality.

Try us with and order and you'll be pleased with the result.

BOGGS & BUHL,

115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

EXECUTRIX' NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Michael McDermitt, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement.

MRS. FRANCIS M'DERMITT, Executrix.

Chest Springs, Pa., July 24, 1891.6t.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned will sell at private sale pieces of real estate situate in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., containing respectively sixty-six and fifty-five acres and allowance. The property is improved and in good state of cultivation, and will be sold at a reasonable price and upon easy terms. For further particulars, call on or address Alvin Evans, Ebensburg, Pa., or LUKE RODGERS,

December 12, 1890. Loretto, Pa.

FARM FOR RENT.—The subscriber offers for rent his farm in Munster township, along the line of the Ebensburg & Cresson railroad, about two miles from Cresson. Farm contains about 70 acres, about 60 cleared. Possession given on 1st of April. Call on or address the the subscriber at Loretto, Pa.

JAMES NOON.

Feb. 27, 1891.

FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale the farm for merly owned by Evan R. Bennett, deceased, in Cambria township, three miles north of Ebensburg. The farm contains 240 acres, about 125 of which are cleared, having thereon a house and barn and a good orchard. For particulars call on or address EVAN J. BENNETT,

feb13tr Ebensburg, Pa.

SIMON & CO.

Attract - Purchasers - From - All - Sides

AND QUARTERS.

If you have not yet taken advantage of SIMON & CO.'S JULY MARK-DOWN SALE, do so at once. Their new line of fine Challies and Pongees and Dress Cassimeres are the best for the money ever offered. Also, bear in mind we have a great stock of fine BED-ROOM SUITES which we offer during this month at a GREAT SACRIFICE and they must go. We have them from $18.00 and $20.00 to $42.00. These Suites are of the very latest designs.

OUR CARPET SALE.—This time we notify you of our great Carpet Sale. We are overloaded in this line and will give all a chance this month to buy Carpets at exceedingly Low Figures. Here are our prices: One lot of Rag Carpet at 28 cents, 30 cents, 35 cents and 40 cents—all worth more money. Our lot of Irish Brussels, only about 6 pieces left, sold 35 cents and 40 cents, per yard, now 25 cents and 30 cents. One lot of Ingrain Carpet selling now at 30 cents and 35 cents—well worth 38 cents and 45 cents. One lot of Rugs worth $2.75 each, now $1.90.

CORSETS.—Also will we state that our Ladies' Corset stock is larger than it ever was before, and all shapes or shades and makes can be procured, and prices are way down, too. They are Corsets and no mistake about it. The celebrated Rosebug Corset, solid all over, worth 75 cents, will sell now for 50 cents. Extra High-Cut Ladies' Corsets at 98 cents each, and many others in this line.

Our Great Offer in Shoes This Month.

We carry about five thousand dollars' worth more than any other season before, therefore we are satisfied to give our customers a good chance in this line to obtain great bargains, as we will need the room for fall stock which will soon arrive. The prices are low. Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid, 99 cents, worth $1.25. Ladies' Fine Spring Heel, $1.38, worth $1.75. Ladies' Fine Spring Heel, worth $2.00. Ladies' Fine Morocco Shoes, $1.10, worth $1.40. Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid, $1.48, worth $1.75. Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid with tips, $1.58, worth $2.50. The celebrated Douglass Shoe for ladies, all sizes, can be bought here. Ladies' Oxford Ties, 48 cents. High Rocking Tie, 62 cents. Patent Leather Oxford Tie, $1.48. Ladies' Tan Oxford Tie, 74 cents, worth $1.00. Simons have the lead in this line. We give you prices of our Infants', Misses', and Boys' and Men's Shoes: 2 to 5, a good Shoe, 19 cents, worth 25 cents. 3 to 5, good Shoe, 30 cents, worth 40 cents. 4 to 5, a good Shoe, for 38 cents, worth 50 cents. 5 to 8, a good Shoe, for 39 cents, worth 50 cents. 5 to 9, a good Shoe, for 50 cents, worth 75 cents. Misses' Spring Heel are worth $1.35. 1,000 pair Men's Dress Shoes will be disposed of during the month of July at $1.25 a pair, worth $1.75. Calfskin Shoes sold here at $2.50 can't be beat. Men's good Mining Shoes at 98 cents, $1.10 and $1.25 a pair. Boys' good Mining Shoes will be sold for 65 cents a pair, worth 85 cents. For this month only, Boys' good Dress Shoes, 98 cents a pair, worth $1.25. Boys' good Dress Shoes, $1.25, worth $1.50. Boys' Calfskin Dress Shoes, $1.65 a pair, worth $2.00.

Dress Good Buyers

can get some big bargains during the month of July. Prices are right here: Good Dress Cassimeres at 15 cents a yard, worth 25 cents; at 25 cents, worth 31 cents; at 35 cents, worth 50 cents. Henriettas, 50 cents and 60 cents per yard. The best Dress Ginghams at our store are now selling at 8 cents, 9 cents and 10 cents per yard. A big lot of Lace Curtains can be bought at 98 cents a pair, worth $1.25; at $1.25, worth $1.75. We also have a large quantity of odd Curtains which we will close out very low.

KID GLOVES.—You can find the best Gloves in the world at our store at a very low price. You can get an extra good Glove for 50 cents and up.

HOSE AND UNDERWEAR.—We also have made a big cut in Ladies' and Children's Underwear. Ladies' and Children's fast Black Hose at 10 cents a pair. Extra Fine Fancy Hose, 3 pair for 25 cents, worth 15 cents a pair. Ladies' fine Fancy Hose reduced from 40 cents to 25 cents. Extra fine imported Hose reduced from 50 cents to 32 cents per pair. Ladies' fine Merino Vests at 23 cents each, worth 30 cents. Children's extra fine Gauze Underwear at 23 cents, worth 30 cents.

UMBRELLAS.—A fine line of Umbrellas just received and will be sold very low. Fine Gold-Handle at 36 cents, worth 98 cents. Fine Georgia Silk Oxties handle, 26 cents, worth 75 cents. Sunshades for both young and old at $1.48. Children's Parasols, only 23 cents each.

HATS.—Get your Straw and Stiff Hats in abundance at our Store. We have the Stock, Styles, Shapes and Quality at extremely low prices. Four grades in Fast Black Stiff Hats at 98 cents; at $1.25, worth $1.75; at $1.50, worth $2.00; at $1.75, worth $2.25. Men's Black Sailor Hats in all shapes at 48 cents each.

Our Clothing Department.

The finest st

AN HISTORIC BRIDGE.

The Karlsbrucke of Prague and Its History.

For Centuries It Has Spanned the Moldau, but Recent Floods Have Rendered Its Destruction Necessary.

A short time ago the dispatches stated that the famous Karlsbrucke, or Charles bridge, across the Moldau at Prague was doomed to destruction by the great floods which have been creating such havoc in central Europe. The paragraph was a brief one and probably attracted little attention, but no one who knows the pride with which for hundreds of years the Bohemians have regarded this bridge could read the few lines without a thrill of sympathy.

To write a history of the Karlsbrucke, says the Chicago Post, would be to write the history of Prague during the past five centuries. This, indeed, were well worth the doing, for though the old world is rich in historic cities, few are more interesting than this wonderful old town with its stately buildings, its quaint old houses and beautiful gardens, and its memories of illustrious men and women—of Huss and Wallenstein, of Maria Theresa and her implacable enemy, Frederick the Great. How many times those and others scarcely less famous have passed to and fro over the Karlsbrucke.

Prague was the favorite city of that splendid monarch, Charles IV., "the stepfather of the empire, but the father of Bohemia." He established her celebrated university and beautified the town in many ways, besides laying the foundation of the Karlsbrucke in 1357. For one hundred and fifty years the work went on, and when finally completed, in 1507, it was justly regarded as a triumph of the engineering skill of the age.

Even to-day few bridges are worthy of more admiration than the old Karlsbrucke with its grand old Gothic tower and its sixteen noble arches spanning the beautiful Moldau. As time went on statues and groups of figures were placed on the buttresses of the bridge. The oldest of these, a large stone crucifix with images of the Virgin and St. John, was built with money wrung from the Jews. Short services were occasionally held before the crucifix.

Another curious group, showing the suffering souls in purgatory, commemorated the dreadful visitation of the plague. But the most interesting of the statues is that of St. John of Nepomuk, the patron of bridges and the saint whom all Prague delights to honor. St. John, so the legend tells us, was the confessor of the lovely queen of Bohemia and refused to reveal the secrets of the confessional to her jealous husband. The cruel Wenzel commanded him to be tortured, and afterward he was thrown from the Karlsbrucke at night into the rushing Moldau. Whereupon the body of the good priest, instead of sinking, continued to float until taken from the water, while five brilliant stars hovered over it. The statue represents an ascetic figure holding a crucifix, and around the head are arranged the five miraculous stars.

One lingers longest near the fine old tower at the entrance to the bridge. If by some spell like that used in the Arabian tale we could unseal the lips of the sculptured figures who look down so calmly from their lofty station, what tragic tales they could tell of the many times the tide of battle has surged across this bridge. During the stormy days of the thirty years' war it was the scene of many conflicts, and for ten years the heads of twelve of Bohemia's Protestant nobles swung in iron cages from the tower. Later, the citizens of Prague rallied to its defense against the Swedes and held it for three long months, till the peace of Westphalia ended the war. When Frederick the Great invaded Bohemia it was the scene of a bloody struggle, and as lately as the revolution of 1848 a famous barricade was built there by the students.

But the days of the Karlsbrucke are numbered. Recently three of its arches were carried away by the swollen river and the collapse of a fourth a little later renders its destruction inevitable.

Begun as the night of the middle ages was beginning to roll away and finished in the dawning light of the reformation, the old bridge falls just as the twentieth century opens before the world.

WOMAN'S HAPPIEST MOMENTS.

Miss Fit—"I remember the first time I was in love." Miss Chance—"What wouldn't I give for a memory like that."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He—"There goes Gladys Winsome, the everlasting bone of contention between Will and Cholly Gashington." She—"Yes, she is rather thin."—N. Y. Telegram.

Wasn't Fast.—"How pale Miss Hicks got in that rainstorm we were caught out in! Do you suppose she was afraid of the lightning?" "Oh, no. The rain got away with her color."—N. Y. Sun.

Minnie—"I have just received such a nice letter from Will. He says his only thoughts are of me." Mamie—"He probably tells the truth. He never was much of a thinker."—Indianapolis Journal.

Jack—"Maud Murray has the 'ruby lips' that the poet tells of—they are such a rich red." Amy—"Well, they were until Laura Lenox kissed her a few minutes ago. The red is on Laura's lips now."—Saturday Evening Herald.

"I suppose it is something of a tribute to one's beauty when a gentleman rises and gives one his seat in a car," said Miss May Ture somewhat proudly. "That depends," said Miss Keene; "in some cases it is a mark of respect for age."—N. Y. Press.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

Chicago claims to be the home of not less than two hundred and fifty Arabian families.

Ninety per cent. of all the applications for adoption received at the New York foundling asylum call for girl babies.

Under the present game laws of New York the English sparrow is not protected, and it is made a misdemeanor to give food or shelter to that bird.

There are now 19,575 newspapers printed in the United States and Canada, a gain of 1,913 over last year's record. New York is in the lead of the states having 1,958 papers.

Watercress is said to contain very sanitary qualities. A curious characteristic of it is that if grown in a ferruginous stream it absorbs five times the amount of iron that any other plant does.

A Philadelphia surgeon says that by three strokes of the lancet he could paralyze the nerves acted on to make a man get mad, and thereafter anyone could pull his nose, cuff his ears and spit on his boots and he would simply smile a soft, bland smile.

Couldn't Work Both Ways.

Patent Medicine Proprietor — I'm very sorry you can't give us a testimonial for our Anti-Fat. We're willing to pay well, but I suppose you are opposed to recommending anything.

Popular Minister—It isn't that, my dear sir. The trouble is that you are just a little too late. This very morning I wrote a testimonial for another man's Anti-Lean.—Jury.

Shut the door against disease. Danger comes oftenest through impure blood. Keep your blood in order, and you keep in health. For this, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, and rouses every organ into healthy action. By this means it cures. Every part of the system feels its saving influence. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases—even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, all yield to it. It's the only Liver, Blood and Lung Remedy that's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded. Trying terms to sell on—but it's a medicine that can carry them out.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol to inebriate, and no syrup or sugar to derange digestion.

It's a concentrated vegetable extract; put up in large bottles; pleasant to the taste, and equally good for adults or children.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

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A GREAT COUNTRY.

Stories of Truthful Which Seem to Be Almost Incredible.

I have heard as big stories as Uncle Simon's tater story right here at home, writes Bill Arp in Home and Farm. It was in the judge's room one night when we were all talking about what a great county was Gilmer for apples and Irish potatoes and cabbages. Judge Underwood declared that you might take a sprout from any poor, no-account apple tree down here and stick it in the ground in Gilmer and it would grow and bear fine apples. And Gen. Hansell said he had been to see the famous apple tree on old man Cantrell's place, about a mile off the Dahlonega road, and he found it sixty feet high and sixty feet broad, and he stood up beside it and tried to span it with his long arms and couldn't reach more than half way round. He looked to Judge Underwood for a nod of confirmation and got it. "That is so—exactly so," said the judge. "I have seen that tree! It came from a seed that was planted by old Noonatootly, a half-breed Indian who came from North Carolina about fifty years ago." Thus fortified, Gen. Hansell continued his remarks by saying that the average annual crop of this tree was five hundred bushels, and the apples were what is known as the black apple—they were such a very dark red.

Judge Underwood cleared his throat and said: "And, general, don't you remember that lane—Frazier's lane, on Laughing Gal creek—where there is an apple tree in every fence corner on both sides of the lane clear up to the top of the hill, and the limbs of the trees have got tangled up together in a solid mass and you can't see the sun above you as you drive along?"

"Oh yes," said the general, "I remember it perfectly." "And one fall when you and Trippe and Chastian and Shackleford and Hanks and Hackett and John Word and Hooper and ever so many more of us struck that land there were twelve buggies all in a row going to court. And you and I were in the hindmost buggy and that lane was ankle-deep in apples and the horses could hardly get along, and I looked back and the horses and the wheels had mashed apples until there was a stream of cider running down the hill that was big enough to turn a mill. You remember that, general?"

"Perfectly, perfectly," said the general; but he was weakened a little.

"And old man Frazier told me," said the judge, "that one year he turned the cider into the vats in his little tan-yard and made very fine leather. Cider makes very fine tannin, you know, general. My father wore a pair of calf-skin shoes for seven years that were tanned with cider, and you could turn them wrong side out as easy as India rubber."

The judge had out-Heroded Herod and a general hilarity succeeded his last effort. Baron Munchausen and the "Arabian Nights" had a wonderful influence over the grand old gentlemen of the olden time. They were fine story-tellers, and could just make them up right along.

THE INVENTION OF INK.

Probably First Obtained from the Black Fluid of the Cuttlefish.

The ink first used probably was some natural animal pigment, such as the black fluid obtained from the various species of cuttlefish, says Chambers' Journal, but the limited supply of this material soon led to the use of a mechanical mixture of water, gum and lampblack, and the characters were painted, rather than written, by means of a broad-pointed reed. As ink of this simple nature was easily removed from the surface of the parchment by the mere application of moisture it was early found necessary to contrive some means of forming a more durable ink, and for this purpose the expedient was adopted of treating the mixture with some substance, such as vinegar, of the nature of a mordant, which would penetrate the parchment written upon and form an ink not liable to fade.

A chemical dye, consisting of an infusion of galls, with sulphate of iron, was afterward used, as from its vitreous nature it bit into the medium employed, but a compound vegetable ink containing a good deal of carbon pigment was subsequently adopted, and was very generally employed down to the middle ages. With ink of this sort the best and most ancient manuscripts which have been preserved to us were written, and the separate leaves, after being allowed to dry slowly, were bound together in volumes. Pliny and Vitruvius, as well as other writers, give recipes for the manufacture of inks.

HURRAH FOR THE CRANK.

A Chicagoan Appreciates the Genus and Says a Word in His Praise.

It is by no means the worst thing in the world to be called a crank. I find as I prowl up and down through the earth that wherever I meet a man with sufficient individuality to take a stout stand against impurity and shams of every kind, too honest to get rich by underhanded methods and too brave to be a cowardly conformist, he is called a crank. Wherever a woman is found who thinks more of her brain than of the hat that surmounts it she is a crank, says a writer in the Chicago Herald.

Wherever a man is found who honestly believes life holds better things for him than to become a dancing popinjay and a social success by reason of fine clothes and society manners, who would rather wear a shiny seamed coat and an unfashionable hat, and thus gain the means to cultivate his mind and enlarge his soul, he is a crank.

Wherever a young girl is found who laughs at fashion and wears a gown to please herself, rather than to conform to a passing style, who stands by a friend at the risk of becoming unpopular, and who is a law unto herself by the dictates of her own pure, sweet, womanly heart, she is a crank. Discoverers are cranks. Philanthropists and poets are cranks.

Christopher Columbus was a crank, and yet Chicago, after four hundred years, is turning itself head over heels to do him honor. Ah! well, my dear, when you count on your fingers the world's most famous cranks and note the outcome of their crankiness, who would not choose but go down upon the despised list?

South American Hotels.

The visitor's first experience of the hotels in Buenos Ayres is his first disappointment. With the exception of the Grand hotel, which would rank with third and even fourth class houses in Europe, all the thirty or forty hotels of Buenos Ayres occupy inadequate buildings and they are badly furnished, badly managed and altogether wretched, dirty and comfortless. Nevertheless, the proprietors make good profits. They charge from $2.50 to $12 gold a day for each person and their houses are always full.

He Got the Worst of It.

He was a Bath (Me.) hackman, so the Enterprise says, and he had a Canadian quarter, worth only twenty cents in Bath, that he wanted to dispose of. So one dark night when an innocent old lady handed him half a dollar he gave her the Canadian quarter in change, and instead of feeling ashamed of himself he chuckled over the transaction—that is, he chuckled until he pulled out the coin the lady had given him, and by the light of a lamp discovered that it was a Canadian half-dollar.

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Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.

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Do you need Job Printing? If so, give the Freeman a trial order.

KEEPING WATCHES IN ORDER.

They Should Be Subjected to Perfect Regularity of Treatment.

In order to keep the "going" of a watch as regular as possible, says Chambers' Journal, it should be subjected to regular treatment—that is to say, it should be wound up always at the same time of day, and during the time that it is not worn it should either be laid down or hung up regularly, according to habit, as every watch goes differently when it is hanging than either during lying down or wearing. In watches having a double case that over the watch glass should never be left open. An attentive observer will find that if such a watch is left open, even for one night, the glass is covered with a thin film of dust, which will gradually enter the works even through the tiniest openings in the case and thus cause disturbances.

People should wind their watches in the morning, not only because they generally rise more regularly than they go to rest, but also because a spring fully wound up will more readily overcome the disturbances which affect the correct going of a watch during the movement occasioned in wearing it. Springs will not break so easily if the watch is carefully wound up and is not placed directly out of the warm pocket against a cold wall or on a still colder marble slab; and for that reason a protective mat is desirable.

The capacity of a watch, or more correctly its keeping correct time, is very much governed by its construction and its more or less perfect finish. It cannot be expected of the best watch that it should always keep good time, and even less so of the inferior watches which are sold in large numbers. The changes of the oil, the variations in temperature, the density or humidity of the air—all greatly affect the going of the watch; and it is only the lever watch of the most perfect finish which neutralizes those adverse influences to the greatest degree. As a matter of fact no watch keeps perfectly correct time; and even the best chronometers used in observatories and on board ship must be regulated according to tables which fix those variations to which watches are subjected.

A watch should be cleaned every two or, at most, every three years, if it is desired to preserve it. In time the oil decomposes, gets mixed with the particles of dust which enter the works of even the best closing watch, begins to act as a grinding material and wears out the working parts. The best watch will be spoiled in this way and will never keep such good time as before. It frequently happens that a watch requires cleaning in less time than every two years, according as it closes badly or is exposed to much dust and dirt. Anyone having the misfortune to drop his watch into water or any other liquid should take it at once to the watchmaker to have it taken to pieces and cleaned, for a delay of even an hour might spoil the watch forever

ANTS IN AFRICA.

How They Clean Out the Rats, Mice and Cockroaches.

Silently, deadly, and irresistibly move these battalions; out of the forest, down into, across, and up the ditch, through the boma (wood stockade), across the square, and into every nook and cranny conceivable they swarmed, says an article in the Nineteenth Century. The first notice (they generally come at night) would be a loud yell from some of the men. "Look out! Siafu!" There would be no more sleep that night. After experience gained we found it the best plan to clear out of our houses, rush into the square, and build rings of fire around our persons. To put on one's clothes was to get bitten by dozens all over one's body unless they had been first thoroughly smoked over a fire. Every now and then yells and curses told how a lazy one had got caught in his bunk. The sides of the huts, the roofs and floor, were simply one seething mass of struggling ants. They were after the cockroaches, mice and insects that had taken up their abode in the roofs. Now and then squeaks of young mice told the story. As fast as the ants found their load (generally a cockroach), they would make off down the hills in long lines. Luckily they never touched our grannaries; they seemed to prefer animal food. Toward morning there would be only a few thousand lost ones, aimlessly tearing about, apparently looking for the main body which had just decamped.

Next day not a cockroach could be found in the place, so the ants did us a service in riding us of these pests. The rats had decamped also, and did not return for some days.

We have seen outside the fort armies of red ants two and a half days long—i. e., they would take two and a half days passing a given spot. During the day the march would be incessant, every one marching at his very best. Toward night they would huddle up in a seething mass, and if disturbed scatter in all directions.

The width of the stream of ants would be about two inches generally. On the flanks of this were the soldiers, fully twice the length of the workers. On our approach these big chaps would run out and up our legs like lightning. No birds, but of one sort, seemed to trouble them. These were little fellows about as big as sparrows and of a dull gray color.

AMBIDEXTROUS BARBERS.

Most Men Can Use But One Hand in Shaving.

There are lots of barbers in this city who won't hire a man that cannot shave himself with either hand, said a Boston barber to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. Of the people who shave themselves, forty-nine out of fifty can hold their razor in but one hand. Yet it is just as easy and much more convenient to shave the right side of your face with your right hand and the left side with the left hand if you only begin that way. No two men who shave themselves do the work alike, especially if they took it up before going to a barber.

I know a wealthy Back bay man who shaves himself standing in the corner of his room and facing the wall. In youth he was a poor country boy, and like most boys, bought a razor on the quiet. But he had no looking glass in his chamber, and rather than let his folks know what he was up to, he faced the wall and scraped away by sense of feeling. Once learned that way he never had use for a glass.

I knew an old farmer in the counrry who shaved himself sitting on a milking stool and looking at his reflection in a bucket of water. That was the way he learned when a boy, and he said he couldn't shave himself standing up.

Cleverly Turned.

At Oxford some twenty years ago a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day at a railway station some years afterward he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognized him and asked if he was not the chaplain of the college at such time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said his interrogator. "I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, "it is the highest compliment you can pay a minister to say he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

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THE VEILED HERMIT.

A Strange Being Who Resides in a Texas Cavern.

His Woodland Cave, Filled with Evidences of Artistic Skill, Accidentally Discovered by a Belated Traveler.

Wilbarger county, Texas, boasts of a mystery in the form of a hermit, living near Willow creek in a small cavern, partly natural and partly excavated by him, lined with skin and decorated with drawings on the wall which are said to be the work of an artist of cultivated taste and great talent. Very little is known of the recluse beyond the fact that he is a white man, an Englishman or American by birth, and has lived in his cave for the past fifteen years. He always wears a close-fitting mask of buckskin, which, falling to his breast, completely hides his face, and dresses in skins in the winter, while in summer he is clothed in a loose garment said to be woven of the prairie grass.

This strange being, says the Philadelphia Times, by some regarded as a myth, is only seen at long intervals, when some traveler runs across him by accident, when he will make no attempt to escape, but respond pleasantly, if briefly, to any question or greeting as he quietly walk away. If followed or molested he first mildly protests, and then, if the attempt is persisted in, has been known to draw a weapon, which has usually the effect of ridding him of his tormentor. He carries a small rifle, which, however, he has never been seen to use, but snares all his game after the manner of poachers, or fishes along the creek. On such fare as he procures in this way and a patch of ground which he cultivates the recluse lives, for he has never been known to visit town, though several attempts have been made to induce him to abandon his solitary life. His cavern, though known to a few, is never visited, for it is believed that he would resent any intrusion in a very unpleasant manner.

The only man who has ever entered the cave is Col. J. Nixon, who, on one occasion was invited there by its mysterious inhabitant. His story is as had driven out from Harrold to Lloyd's ranch, when I was overtaken by one of our sudden prairie storms. My pony soon grew unmanageable, and I got out to hold them by the bit, when a tremendous peal and blinding flash caused the little demons to break away from me and go tearing across the prairie. After relieving my full heart by a few words suitable for the occasion I trudged on, but soon found the road heavy for my thin shoes that I abandoned it for one of the cattle paths which seemed to run parallel with it.

"All at once, as I plunged on, I heard a voice hailing me, and looking closely about, saw sitting in the mouth of a dugout or cave in the side of a good-sized hillock a man with something over his face. I hallooed in answer, when the stranger called to me to come in out of the rain, so I marched boldly up to him. I knew him in a moment, or I had often heard of the veiled hermit of Willow creek, though up to the time I actually beheld him I had never believed in his existence.

"He led me into his cave and lighting a fire of pine knots, piled up in a rude fireplace with a funnel leading up into the open air, revealed me to a scene which for wildness I never saw equaled. Snakes so well preserved as to appear alive, in all their ugly viciousness, hung pendant from rafters that supported the clay-daubed roof; grinning heads of panthers, catamounts, bears, jaguars and every wild beast to be found in hundreds of miles around added to the weird grotesqueness of the place, while their skins carpeted the cavern and made the hermit's bed, which was also the furniture the place afforded, except a low stool before the fire.

"The walls of the cave were of clay evidently hardened by heat, and were covered with drawings made by some sharp instruments while the clay was yet soft. I am sufficient judge of art to know that the hand which executed the pictures was that of a skilled artist, as they were fine indeed. They were for the most part, from the Bible and represented Peter's denial of Christ, Judas kissing His cheek, and the disciples asleep in the garden of Gethsemane, but I also remember one or two scenes from the Odyssey and Iliad.

"My host brought on some cold venison and a plate of beans, of which I ate thankfully after which he resumed his seat in the door of the cave. I tried to talk to him, but his monosyllabic replies soon silenced me, and when presently, the rain ceased, he said: 'You must excuse me, but I am under a vow to hold communication with no one.' I rose at this hint, and prepared to go. I had a late newspaper in my pocket, and tendered it to him, but he thanked me and shook his head.

"'My one desire is to forget the world and be forgotten by it.' Here he hesitated a second and said: 'I would like, however, to ask you one question. Is England—' But he checked himself and groaned. 'No, no; better not! Sir,' he quickly, 'I am a wretch who expiates deadly sin in solitude and pain.'

"He ran to the back of the cave and falling on his knees groaned and sobbed. I had some tobacco with me and some other trifles, such as a pocketknife, matches, quinine and a flask of brandy, which I placed on the floor and then left. I have never seen him since, for I am sure the greatest kindness to him is to let him alone and I have exerted all my influence that he shall remain unmolested."

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

Unpleasant Experience of a Rector Who Rebuked His Daughter.

A London paper relates a queer incident that happened in a Welsh church the other Sunday. The rector began to rebuke his people in severe terms for not attending Sunday morning service, and impartially included his own daughters in the rebuke. "Whereupon," to his astonishment," says the story, "up jumped one of his daughters and told the people that her father was a man who, when he first awoke, could not rise unless his hot water was brought and the towel was placed under his nose. She related how he had to be cleaned, fires lighted, and his breakfast prepared, and then went on to describe how the worthy clergyman required his book and his coat and his gloves and his hat and stick and his cake and his wine before he was ready to start to his work. This was all detailed with minuteness and volubility. The reverend father kept no servant, and there was the household work to be done, and, besides, he insisted upon a hot dinner served with punctuality. Under these circumstances, the lady pleaded, was it possible for her to go to worship on a Sunday morning?" The sympathies of the audience were with the daughter."

Compared the Cards.

It is a common saying that you can judge a man by his visiting card, says the Boston Traveler. A Lutheran rector, not ten miles from Boston, recently left his cheap printed card at the house of one of his parishioners who has neatly engraved one at another. The houses were respectively in an unfashionable and fashionable quarters of the city. But the parishioners happened to be cousins. They met, they compared cards—as women will—and that rector now wonders why he is growing in debt.